

*Pax in Crumena :*  
OR, THE  
TROOPER  
TURN'D  
POET.

CONTAINING,

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By *Thomas Rands*, of the late Lieutenant General  
*Wood's* Regiment of Horse.

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# THE Epistle Dedicatory.

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To all my Fellow-Soldiers that have  
served Her Majesty Abroad.

*Gentlemen,*

**Y**OU that have been harrass'd, and fatigued Abroad, and have been the Nation's Bullwark, and in Battle have terrify'd and vanquish'd all that durst Oppose you, and are at last become Happy in enjoying a Peace; long may it flourish, and may each of you have the same Esteem in Peace as in War, and all the Respect due to your Characters.

I acknowledge, I bear an Eternal Veneration for all that have served their Queen and Country, which is the only reason that induced me to beg your Favour and Protection for these my poor and unworthy Labours, which I here offer as a small Tribute, they being the First Fruits, and humble Growth

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

of my Little Garden, and lay them at your Feet, believing it will be pay'd with the utmost Gratitude of you; if you Smile on 'em, and skreen them under your Protection, your Swords will be sufficient to defend them against all those that are Enemies to Mirth and good Humour, and I, as in Conscience bound, shall always own my self highly Obliged to you for the same, and acknowledge my self,

*Gentlemen,*

*Your most Humble Servant,*

*And Fellow-Soldier,*

Thomas Rands.

THE

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# THE PREFACE.

**H**OW acceptable this Piece of Work may be to the World, I can no more tell than Doctor Trotter's Godmother can guess at the Number of Cuckolds within the Bills of Mortality: Nevertheless, I am as willing to be seen in Print as ever was the Author of Tom Thumb in Folio, yet I dare be bold to say, if the greatest Judge of Poetry, throughout the vast Empire of Morocco, was to Read it, I do verily believe he could hardly give his Judgment of my fancy, because why, it was Wrote in a Country where People drink Wine if they have but D' argent pour Payer; for I can assure you, that the Inhabitants of that Country, I mean Flanders, fancy Money with as much eagerness as a Girl of Thirteen does Chalk or Tobacco-Pipes.

I don't Question but the Reader will find ten thousand Faults in it, and if he does I have as many Excuses; for every School-Boy can tell you, that Poeta nascitur non fit; and I my self can affirm, that when I have thought I've been possess'd of a noble flight of Fancy, then immediately the Corporal has disturb'd me with, Mount Grand-Guard, &c. Often times, when I have been Grazing my Horse, and wanting other Diversion, I have lug'd out my Pen and began to Scribble, but all of a sudden, bearing a Rumour of a Partizan, or French Hussars, all my Poetical Notions were immediately banished out of the Kingdom

## The Preface.

Kingdom of my Whimsical Noddle, and I have thought of View  
nothing more than securing my Horse from the Enemy, quai  
and my Body from the Dominions of Capt. Fury. At unde  
other times, Water has been more plentiful in Camp than  
either Wine or Brandy, and at such times I have had  
no more fancy to Poetry than a Sober Man has to go to  
Bed to his Intoxicated Wife.

Once, I remember, I had a thought of Writing some-  
thing in the Praise of Alexander the Great, and then  
the Battle of Oudenard frighted me. Certainly the Ca-  
pacious Heads of Ovid, Homer, or Virgil never suf-  
fered like mine; nay, even Jeffery Chaucer's, for I  
found it to be impossible for me to keep to any particular  
Subject long, unless it were making of Sonnets in the  
Praise of Bacchus, and that so confusedly too, as if I  
had been in Love with my Landlady's Daughter. What  
with the roaring of Cannons, and yet a more greater  
Noise of Sutlers buzzing my Debts in my Ears, I found  
a great deal of Trouble to Write what I have; such as it  
is the Reader is welcome to.

If this be acceptable to the World, it's ten to one but I  
I may have as good an Appetite to write again, as a  
Widow has to alter her Condition. Who knows what good  
Luck I may meet withall: I am not over Covetous, I de-  
sire to gain no more than the Approbation of the Reader,  
which will enable me to make a Flourish in Monmouth-  
Street, with a Hog in my Pocket to pay Beveridge for a  
New Second-Hand-Suit, a Long-Wig, and a Tilter, and  
then I may pass for a Vinegar-Yard Beau, or at least  
for a Thorough-pac'd Poet.

Since there is no more work for Red-Coats Abroad, I  
have thought fit to metamorphise my Sword into a Pen,  
my Horse and Accoutrements into Paper, and having  
left all my Money in Flanders, I am now under a cer-  
tain Obligation of exposing this Miscellany to publick  
View,

## The Preface.

of View, for fear, lest those who formerly have been my Ac-  
quaintance should think, when they see me, that I am  
under a Vow of Poverty.

I hope the Reader will be pleas'd to take Notice, that  
he will find in this Book several Words of my own Coin-  
ing, and others which go under the Denomination of  
Bam: As for the former sort, Presidents may be produced  
from several Authors who have wrote upon such sort of  
Subjects, and the Sense of the latter may be found out by  
what is preceeding or subsequent.

I am ashamed to dwell so long upon a Preface; let it  
suffice, that I buoy my self up with Hopes that the Rea-  
der will be satisfy'd with some part of this Work, it be-  
ing a Miscellany. The reason I have placed an Argu-  
ment to some parts of it, is, because it was wrote in a Fo-  
reign Country, and upon such Subjects as requires it, to  
render them more intelligible to such as have not been  
Abroad.

Courteous Reader,

If there is any thing in this Work that pleases you,  
then the Stationer and Printer will be pleas'd, which will  
bigly please

Your Humble Servant,

Thomas Rands.

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THE

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## The AUTHOR's Excuse to the READER.

Perhaps you'll say the Times are dull,  
When Rhimes do flow from *Trooper's Scull* ;  
Or some young Flash may think that he  
Had *nix* to spend in Company :  
Others may say this *Trooper Writ*,  
Because he wou'd be term'd a Wit :  
Others will more gently say,  
He Writ to pass dull Time away.

I never do observe the Times,  
If they be dull, they're like my Rhimes ;  
Perhaps they'll Mend, but untill then  
My best of Friends will be my Pen,  
I term'd a Wit, that cannot be ;  
If you have some, there's less in t'ie.

It's true, I've Writ, but by and by  
I'll let you know the Reason why :  
Where Guns and Swords did People fright,  
At *Mall Placcby*, in bloody Fight,  
I saw a Man, with Whiskers large,  
Who Spur'd tow'rds me i'th' second Charge,  
Presenting Pistol at my Boot,  
Which bor'd a Concave in my Foot :  
I can't divine that Heroes Name,  
But this I know, he made me Lame,  
Which Metamorphiz'd me at once,  
From drinking Wine, to be a Dunce :  
So that I was oblig'd in Rhime  
To Write, and pass away my Time.

T H E

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THE  
 T R O O P E R  
 T U R N ' D  
 P O E T, &c.

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*The POET's Voyage to Amsterdam.*

**B**eing weary of Eating good *Beef* and *Plumb Pudding*,  
 And Fancy grown dull with over much  
 [Studying,  
 I resolv'd on a Voyage to quicken my Fancy,  
 And leave the bles'd Island that's Govern'd by *Nancy*.  
 In order to which, I arriv'd at *Harwich*,  
 By the help of a Coach, the best of Land-Carriage;  
 And, because I was Poor, the Coach-Man was willing  
 To carry both me and my Trunk for a Shilling.  
 My Trunk was not, large and if you must know it,  
 Nor Crowded with Gold, 'cause I was a Poet;  
 But fill'd with Old Linnen, and Breeches of Leather,  
 With a great many Songs I had scrap'd up together:

Some Stockings I had, but those very tatter'd ;  
 An Old Pair of Shoes exceedingly shatter'd :  
 Now this was the Cargo my Trunk did contain :  
 But now let me tell you what cover'd my Brain ;  
 It was an Old Hat, and much out of Fashion,  
 But appear'd somewhat New by the help of Trans-

[lation :

Had you seen but my Wig, you'd have thought me a  
 [Monster,

But how I came by it I'm sure you can't Construe ;  
 I'm ashame'd to reveal, but yet you shall know it,  
 Miss Catch's good Father on me did bestow-it ;  
 And I, in return, did make him some Rhimes  
 In Praise of his Office, to Banter the Times :  
 But now let me speak of my Coat and its Fashion,  
 Which unto the *Romans* might bear some Relation ;  
 For, to tell you the Truth, I am apt to believe,  
 By the Length of the Skirts, and Mode of the Sleeve,  
 The Button-Holes small, Loops Sew'd on betwixt,  
 It was Made in the Reign of King *Harry* the Sixth ;  
 My Breeches were Old, and very much worn,  
 The Lining and Seams both ragged and torn,  
 The Pockets were made of Old Rotten Leather,  
 That I never could keep any Money together ;  
 For so long as I Wore 'em, as I am a Sinner,  
 I seldom had any to Purchase a Dinner.

Arriving at *Harwich*, I made my Abode  
 At a spacious fine Tavern that fronted the Road ;  
 Where I made my self known to a Man of some Figure,  
 With a Wig less than mine, but a Belly much bigger ;

I told who I was, and what I did follow,  
 And that I was one of the Sons of *Apollo* :  
 Of *Ovid* and *Virgi*, I made an Oration ;  
 Of *Dryden* and *Cowley*, an ample Narration,  
 And other great Wits that were born in our Nation, }  
 'Till Angry he grew, then swell'd up his Belly,  
 And broke forth his Speech with, *My Friend, let me*  
 [tell ye,

*I ne'er was acquainted with any such Fellows*  
*But those whom I know are the Gods of the Billows :*  
 Then swelling again, and his Arms set on Kimbow,  
*What thinks thee (quoth he) of Russel and Bembow,*  
*Shovel and Leake, bold Men, and brave Sailors ?*  
*Thou tellest me of none but of Poets and Taylors,*  
*Hunted by Bums, and afraid of the Goalers.*

Noble Captain, (said I) I beg your Excuse,  
 I speak of the *Poets* to quicken my Muse,  
 Because I intending some Rhimes to repeat  
 In the Praise of those Heroes commanding the Fleet :  
*Russel and Bembow* I own to be Braves,  
 And *Shovel*, like *Neptune*, bred Up on the Waves ;  
 Be it spoke to the Praise of bold Captain *Jumper*,  
 When he met a *French* Ship he bravely wou'd thump-  
 [her ;

Nor ever dust *Lewis*, or Duke of *Burgundy*,  
 E'er look in the Face of brave Sir *John Mundy* ;  
*Denby* and *Dursley* are Lords of great Merrit,  
 And *Jemings* possesseth an Heroick Spirit :

And you, Noble Captain, are a mighty great Heroe,  
 Resisting the Dictates of Portecarero,  
 To lower the Pride of L——s like Nero.  
 The Captain reply'd,  
 I am a brave Fellow, and firmly have stood  
 For the Queen, and the Crown, and the Country's Good :  
 I am of the Blood of the bold Boanerges,  
 And fear not the F——h when I meet them on Surges.  
 And, good Master Poet, as sure as I stand here,  
 I bear a great Sway, and a noble Command here :  
 A Captain I am of a sturdy brave Vessel  
 Of Sixty Brass Guns, and I'm bound for the Tessel :  
 And if you are pleas'd for to leave your own Nation,  
 Most Proud I shall be of your sweet Conversation :  
 In short I consented to his Invitation.

But before I proceed to my Voyage, I'll tell-ye  
 Of something we had for to keep up the Belly ;  
*Imprimis* for Eating, a large Salmon's Jole,  
 A great Piece of Brawn, made up in a Roll,  
 As White as your Bum, and as Sweet as your Hole :  
 The next Dish we had, was a great Piece of Sturgeon,  
 Presented the Captain by Glister-Pipe Surgeon :  
 It smelt like the Clouts that a stinking Child's  
 [wrap'd in  
 But swadl'd in Whith as tough as the Captain.  
 To sharpen our Stomachs, Cucumbers and Mango,  
 Olives and Capers, brought hither from Gambo,  
 As dry as my self, and as flat as my Cranbo.

When our Gums were well greas'd, and Appetites  
[paul'd,

Then in came my Landlord, before he was call'd,  
Scringing, and Scraping, and making dumb Signs,  
I buz'd him i'th' Ears to speak of his Wines:

But I have reason to think he was breed a meer  
[Bumpking,

'Cause he could not tell what I meant by my  
[Mumping;

For on the contrary he spoke of his Ales,  
One sort from *Burton*, another from *Wales*;

His Effeminate Liquor as *China* and *Pharoah*;

His Bottle and Pint, and his *non Compararo*;

His *Nottingham*, *Lincoln*, his *Tamworth*, and *Darb*:

A Pox light upon him; he knew by my Garb,

That I was a Poor Poet, yet a winify'd Bard.

The Captain, I must confess, was more Civil,

He valu'd not Ale, or the Root of all Evil:

By Neptune, (quoth he) let it run to the Devil;

For, *Landlord*, said he, I mean to be Happy;

Let Gossips be Tippling your *China* and *Nappy*:

Come build us a Bowl that will make us all *Lappy*.

For I know very well a Poetical Soul

Can Verfifie best at the Sight of a Bowl;

For a Lemmon's a Fruit that will sharpen his Muse;

And when it is Cold, then Brandy he'll use;

When Satyr is crept too deep in his Brains,

The Sugar will sweeten Poetical Strains:

The Praise of the Nutmeg I need not rebearse,

The Toast will take off the Scum of his Verse:

So, Landlord, be quick, we'll soon make a Tryal ;  
 Come, bring us in White-Wine, we'll make it Punch  
 [royal]

No sooner the Bowl was brought to the Table,  
 And Landlord had joyn'd his Hand to the Ladle,  
 But all on a sudden we heard a great Noise,  
 A Hooping and Hollowing, with, *Come Aboard Boys*  
 A Hurly, a Burly, a damnable Rout :  
 A Pox of ill-Luck, the Wind came about :  
 The Captain must go ; a cruel Disaster,  
 To leave such a Bowl to the Drawer and Master :  
 I thought to've been Merry, but it was revers'd,  
 I hurry'd Aboard when my Soul was a thirst ;  
 Let the Drawer and Master, who Drank it, be  
 [Curs'd.

Now, being on Board, I made Observation  
 Of something relating unto Navigation :  
 For up came the *Boatswain*, with Countenance stern  
 With a great Pair *Whiskers*, and Mouth like a Churn  
 He lug'd out his *Whistle*, and up came the Sailers,  
 And all Hands aloft as nimble as Taylors :  
 There was *Toe-le-bo*, and, *Boys beave away*,  
 Whilst another was tearing his Throat with, *Belay* ;  
 Then *Haul Cat, Haul* : A damnable Yawling ;  
 The *Boatswain* a Swearing, the *Master* a Bawling,  
*Helm-a-lee, ye Landlubbard Loobies* ;  
 Let go the *Fore-Bowlings*, ye *Fresh-Water Boobies* ;  
*Haul Aft the Main-Sheet*, ye *Lump of a Dog*,  
 Whilst another was Singing a Tune to the *Log*.

Such Language was us'd by the Tarpauling Rabble,  
 Sure never was such a Confusion at *Bable* :  
 The *Master* cry'd out, *Thus, thus, Stedy, Stedy* :  
 A *Pox* take his *Thus*, it made my Head Giddy :  
 The *Ship* fell to Rowling, I ran to the *Gunnel* ;  
 Had you seen but my Throat you'd have thought of  
 [a *Funnel* ;

For at the first Belsh up came all the Liquor,  
 The second brought up a Substance much thicker,  
 And then my poor Stomach began to be easie,  
 Till up came a Son-of-a-Whore that was Greasie ;  
 They call'd him *Cook Lawrel*, I thought him a *Satyr*,  
 And ever since that I have been a *Cook Hater* ;  
 For by the Sequel you'll find him Uncivil,  
 He a *Cook Lawrel*, a *Cook* for the Devil :  
 For *Phisick* he brought me a Piece of Fat *Pork*,  
 Loathsome it look'd at the Point of his Fork.

*Master Poet*, said he, *you may find by my Skill*,  
*That I am a Doctor, come swallow this Pill*,  
*If not by fair Means, by Jove I will ram ye*,  
*And like a Lean Capon, or Turkey, I'll Cram ye*.

Well, then my Stomach began to discharge  
 Enough one would think to've Loaded a Barge :  
 Whilst the Sailors were Laughing, and speaking of  
 [Oakum,

I empty'd my Paunch, the Devil may Choak-'em.  
 May the Greasie Old Rogue, the Stump-Footed *Cook*,  
 And his Mate, like a *Mackril*, be hung to a Hook,  
 And thrown Over-Board as a Bait to a *Shark*,  
 And may all the Sailors be Pox'd in the Dark  
 By the Rottenest *Whores* that walks in the Park.

But what ever else did pass in the Ship,  
 For brevity sake, I mean to let slip :  
 Let it be what it will, I came to the Shore,  
 And the first that I saw I believe was a *Whore*,  
 By her Air, by her Mein, by her Jackating Dress,  
 And her Talk of *Mynbeer* and *wn Dinareſſ* ;  
 A thousand dumb Signs she as perfectly made,  
 As if she had served her Time to the Tradē :  
 And then I went to her with, how do you do ?  
 And, Madam your Servant ; I smuggled her too :  
 She observing my Motion, and like to a *Spaniel*,  
 She follow'd me close to the Sign of the *Camel* :  
 I thought I had lost her, because she was missing,  
 I turn'd back to see, and the Jade was a Pissing :  
 This paul'd my keen Fancy, my Stomach grew weak,  
 To see such a Flood for to spring from her Leak ;  
 I thought it would cost a wonderful deal  
 To furnish *Yowrow* with her Skin full of *Ale* ;  
 So Madam, said I, I must bid you adieu,  
 For now I think on't I have Businesſ to do.

The next I obſerv'd, was a cluster of *Jews*,  
 Some talking of Money, and some of the News :  
 But as I drew near 'em they pull'd off their Hats,  
 And spoke of heir *Skillings*, their *Gilders* and *Pats* :  
 Some ask'd me if I had got Money to change ;  
 A filthy Expression, it stunk of the Mange :  
 I told 'em I had, they follow'd my Feet  
 Throughout the City, from Street unto Street ;  
 At length I did enter an *Ale-Houſe* to get  
 Somewhat to Drink, and something to Eat ;

A Morsel of *Bread*, and a Pint of good *Wine*  
 To warm and keep up this Carcass of mine :  
 This clearing my Spirits, my Soul swam in *Vino*,  
 Then calling the *Froe*, I lug'd out my *Ryno*,  
 A Six-penny Piece, stampt *William* and *Mary*,  
 And bended by *Dick* and *Doll* of the *Dairy*,  
*With to my Love, from my Love, turn to me Honey* ;  
 Sure *Love* has some Secret in bending of Money.  
 The *Jews* all this while, as if my Inferiors,  
 Stood like unto *Laquies* behind my *Posterioris* :  
 But seeing me pack up my *Alls* to be gone,  
 They ask'd me again, *pour change d'argent* ?  
 God bless you, quoth I, I am sorry to find  
 The *Jews* above all other People so blind :  
 To my certain Knowledge you plainly might see  
 What I gave the Woman, and what she gave me;  
 The poor remains of my *English* Coin  
 I chang'd with the *Frow* for her *Bread* and her *Wine*,  
 So good *Mynheer Jews* I beg ye be joging,  
 Unless you intend to suffer a Flogging :  
 Remember the *Temple*, ye stinking Old Dogs,  
 Whence some of your Calling were drove out with  
     [Flogs :  
 I speaking so fierce it sent 'em all Trudging;  
 They found me a *Shark*, though they thought me  
     [a *Gudgeon* :  
*That's very well done*, said the *Froe*, *I protest*,  
 And she gave me a Pint for the sake of the *Jest*.

Then leaving my Hostess I trug'd it about,  
 From Pillar to Post, till at length it fell out  
     That

That my Feet were grown weary by too much  
 [trampoofing,  
 I went to a House where the *Dutch* were a Boofing :  
 There was *Hendrik* and *Hans*, two Jolly Young  
 [Sailors,  
*Sneider* and *Stoofle*, two Finiking Taylors ;  
*Claus* *Clomp* the *Scoon-Lopper*, and *Robin* the Boor,  
 And a Gunner call'd *Jous*, with a great many more. }  
 I believe in my Heart there was near half a Score. }  
 The Liquor they drank for to make their Hearts  
 [merry,  
 Was the true Distilation of the *Juniper-Berry* :  
 There was *Hendrik*, *a vous*, and here *a vous Claus*,  
*Ick bedanck you, Seer Hendrik, top noch eans Baus.*  
 Thus Merry they were, till at length there came in  
 A Jolly young Lass, with a brave double Chin :  
*Hendrik* he seiz'd her, and call'd her his *Miska* ;  
 Says *Claus*, *dats niet War, bet is myn a Lifa* ;  
 Then *Robin* attack'd, he lug'd and he tug'd her,  
 She push'd him away, and the *Gunner* then hug'd  
 [her,  
 But she was forc'd from him by *Sneider* and *Stoofle* ;  
 I never did see such a wonderful scuffle :  
 Then Words growing high, says *Hendrik* to *Claus*,  
*Gby Skellum, gby Hondffoot, lick myn a Mause* :  
 Then out came their Knives in Anger and Passion,  
 To Snigasnee all according to the Fashion ;  
 But *Robin* he gave an unmerciful stroke  
 On the Hip of the *Gunner*, whose Powder-Horn  
 [broke,

And

.And down fell the Power and Horn to the Ground,  
 The Maid seeing that, she fell in a Swound ;  
 Her *Lolly-Pot* drop'd, and the *Powder* took Fire,  
 Which blew up the *Gunner* and all that was nigh her ;  
 The *Can* and the *Glass* were broken to shiver,  
 And *Robin*, the Boor, was blown into the River ;  
*Claus Clomp* was sore bruis'd, which he got by a fall,  
 When he fell from the Air upon his own Stall ;  
 As for the *Maid*, her *Venter* was singed  
 As bald as my Hand, tho' prestinely fring'd ;  
 My Landlord, poor Man, I pitty'd his *Cafe*,  
 Was blown up the Chimney, and batter'd his *Face* ;  
 And I, a Spectator to this mighty Quarrel,  
 Was thrown down the Cellar, and into a Barrel ;  
 Where I lay conceal'd as safe as a *Mouse*,  
 Not minding the Noise that had been in the House,  
 But, *Diogines* like, I Liv'd in my *Tub*,  
 Feasting my self with my Guts full of *Bub* ;  
 Drinking Healths to great *Bacchus* in Liquor divine,  
 And twenty Go-downs to the Inspiring Nine ;  
 To all the Old Poets, sometimes by the by  
 To Heroes of Old, like *Hector* of *Troy*.

.When the Strength of the Grape flew up in my  
 [Brain,  
 And my Bladder was full, and no more could  
 [contain,  
 I piss'd thro' the Bung-hole, then drinking again :  
 How long I remain'd thus Swimming in *Wine*,  
 To tell you the Truth, I cannot divine :

Eight or Nine Days to besure was the least:  
 But now comes on the Cream of the Jest.  
**I** Feasting my self one Day very well,  
 Resolving to try to empty my Cell:  
 But drinking too much, my Head run on Wheels,  
 And spurning too strong with my *Mercury* Heels,  
 My Cell sprung a Leak, and I fell Asleep,  
 When awaking again, I'd occasion to Weep;  
**I** found my self thirsty and nothing to drink,  
 For the *Wine* took its Course, and pass'd thro' the

[Sink ; ]

**A** deplorable Case let any Man think:  
**H**ere I lay Rowling, and Tossing about;  
 Starv'd if I'd stay'd, and afraid to come out:  
 Had my Stars been so kind to've let me but stay'd  
 Till I'd drank out the *Wine*; but *Fortune's* a Jade,  
 Happy I'd been a thousand times more,  
 Than I e'er have been since, or ever before.  
**T**his *Grotto* I thought a most delicate Place,  
 And fancy'd a Monarch might envy my Case;  
**I** swam in *Champaign*, could a Monarch do more?  
**T**he De'el take the Leak, Dame *Fortune's* a Whore:  
 Here I lay pining, and wishing for Death,  
 Rack'd in my Guts, and a Pain to fetch Breath;  
 Out I must come, or there I must lie,  
 Nature was strong, not willing to Die;  
 Thus I crept out, but then to my Grief,  
 No sooner that done, but attack'd for a Thief.  
**H**ans *Mogen*, the Master of the House I suppose,  
 By his *Butter-Milk* Belly, and *Carbuncld* Nose,

Seiz'd

Seiz'd on my Corps with Kicking and Cuffing,  
 With blustering Oaths, and damnable Huffing ;  
*Donder* and *Blixem*, and Oaths I can't tell,  
 New fashion'd Words invented in Hell :  
 But this, to my Sorrow, I certainly know,  
 That each Oath or Curse brought a Kick or a Blow :  
 He batter'd my Phiz with his great Mutton-Fist,  
 And gave me a slash with his Knife on my Wrist ;  
 He Kick'd and he Cuff'd till he thought I was Dead,  
 And my *Caput* was swell'd like *Sarazens* Head ;  
 And Tokens of Death in me did appear,  
 For I foul'd and Be-urin'd my Breeches with Fear :  
 But seeing me move, he thought there was Life,  
 And attack'd me again with his *Amsterdam* Knife, {  
 Off'ring a Stab, but was stop'd by his Wife ;  
*Husband*, said she, *let's do what is meet*,  
*Here's a Neighbour, a Justice, that Lives in this Street*,  
*Let's take him before him, let Justice be done*,  
*And hang up the Rogue till he's dry'd by the Sun*.  
 Her Words took effect, to the Justice we went,  
 I dreading the Doom of some great Punishment, {  
 As ever the Law, or the De'il could invent.

The Justice was seated upon a high Stool,  
 With a Stick in his Hand like a *Carpenters* Rule :  
 If I am not mistaken, I think that his Name  
 Was *Vander strak Uphong*, or much like the same :  
 His Aspect was grim, and Countenance fierce,  
 As the King of the *Tartars*, when on his War-Horse ;  
 With Majestical motion he waved his Hand,  
 The Audience were silenced by his Command,

Then

Then he thrust out his Breast, and lug'd in his Craw,  
*Let the Plaintiff speak first*, said he, 'tis our Law ;  
*When I know his Complaint I'll hear the Defendant,*  
*Consider the Case, and then make an end on't.*

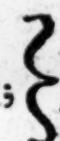
My Accuser spoke first with a terrible Story,  
*Of Robbing his House, and that I was a Tory,*  
*And thought that I came to Kill him and his Spouse,*  
*To Ravish his Maid, or to Fire his House ;*  
*Ten thousand times more, I can't tell you what,*  
*As Knocking him down, and Stabbing his Cat ;*  
*That I run at his Wife with an Iron red-hot :*  
*Well, now thinks I, I'm just going to Pot.*

My turn came to speak, I held up my Head,  
*An't please your Worship, said I, I wanting some*  
*[Bread,*  
*At which I was stop'd, not suffer'd to speak*  
*A Word more in defence, not a Word of the Leak :*  
*The Justice arose from's Majestical Chair,*  
*What Language, quoth he, is that which I hear ?*  
*Whence come you ? who are you ? I know you're a Rogue*  
*Of some foreign Nation, a Kin to the Brogue :*  
*Put him i th' Rasps-house, and there let him Work,*  
*And have no more Mercy on him than a Turk ;*  
*Give him Water to Drink, let Bread be his Diet,*  
*For a Year and a Day, for this was a Riot.*  
*For, Neighbours, quoth he, in our Law we've a term,*  
*Call'd Beatum Robborum, a Word of concern :*

It's a Praise in the Latin, as much as to say,  
 If a Man be a Thief, or begins an Afray,  
 He must Die, or must Work for a Tear and a Day.



Hard Sentence thinks I ; did I come from Mount  
 [Tabor,  
 To Batavia Goshen to suffer hard Labour?  
 Must I now do my Task, and yet have no Wine?  
 And nothing but Bread, when suffer'd to Dine:  
 A Pox thought I, on these Butter-Milk Laws;  
 Not one bit of Flesh to put in my Jaws.  
 I wish I'd remain'd in my Ton-till this time,  
 I shou'd not have fail'd of my Skin full of Wine;  
 The De'il take the Leak, it baffles my Rhime.



I was led to the *Rasp-House*, conducted by Mob ;  
 Well, now thinks I, I have got a queer Job ;  
 Here's Work in abundance, but I must conceit  
 My Belly is full, when I've nothing to Eat.  
 What I observ'd in the *Work-House*, was this,  
 When Mischief was done, or ought was amiss,  
 It was lay'd to my charge, it was I that must do it,  
 Right or Wrong they'd all swear unto it :  
 The *Keeper* receiv'd their false Information,  
 And Flog'd me by wholesale, 'cause not of his Nation.  
 All this I endur'd Twelve Months and a Day,  
 Those Rags that I had were gone to decay ;  
 So, *Lazarous* like, I was sent empty away :  
 Then I, a poor miserable Object of pitty,  
 Did wander and rove about in the City :



No Money, no Friends, no Lodging or Diet,  
 A War in my Guts, tho' my Pockets were quiet,  
 I ne'er shall forget it; a pox of the Riot.

Thus left to the Care of kind Providence,  
 Naked, and Cold, and exempted from Pence,  
 I wander'd about, but at length I espy'd  
 A flashing young Beau, with a Sword by his Side,  
 A Britain he was, I knew by his Phiz,  
 For Frogland's Complexions much differ'd from his.  
 I boldly went to him, then scur'd up my Face  
 To a Posture of Craving, then open'd my Case:  
 He replenish'd my Guts with a *Shoulder of Mutton*,  
 I eagerly Cram'd, till I'd Stuff'd like a Glutton;  
 Wine, in abundance, he gave me for Sauce,  
 Two Guineas in Money to make up my Loss;  
 An Old Suit of Cloaths, a Shirt and a Hat,  
 Stockings and Shoes, and a Flourish'd Cravat,  
 And a Pound of *Tobacco*: Thus, being Befriended,  
 I made him a Scrape, then to Bed I ascended:  
 Next Day he embark'd me on Board of a Pink,  
 First cramming my *Carcass* with *Meat* and much *Drink*,  
 Then hoisting our Sails, we soon made our Shore,  
 I rejoyc'd in my Heart to see it once more,  
 Then Landing, I kiss'd it a thousand times o'er.

If I e'er make a Voyage to *Frogland* again,  
 May the *Gravil*, the *Stone*, and *Gout* be my Pain:  
 May my *Scull* be trapan'd, and may my *Shin-bones*  
 Be scrap'd with a Knife by Butchering *Jones*,  
 And an *Emuch* become, for want of my S—.

THE

THE  
**Trooper Undone:**  
 OR, HIS  
**BUTTER-BOX broke.**

THE  
**ARGUMENT.**

*The Author being upon a four Days Guard at the Siege of Doway, had the Misfortune of setting his Horse next to his Cornet's, and hanging his \* Haversack upon his Pistol, the Cornet's Horse attack'd it, eat his Bread, and broke his Butter-Box in a barbarous manner.*

*Note, That the Cornet's Horse was got by an English Stone-Horse upon a Holland's Mare.*

**W**hat could invite thy cruel Teeth to Know  
 A Trooper's Haversack, to stuff thy Maw?  
 Did'st thou not know that *Ann, Great-Britain's Queen,*  
 Has stor'd for thee, at *Lille*, a Magazine?

C

Or

\* A Linnen-Bag to put Provision in.

Or art thou Blind, and canst not see the Fields  
 Well stor'd with that which *Seed* or *Nature* yields?  
 Then, why did'st thou attempt to make me poor,  
 To know my *Haversack*, and rob my Store?  
 It's true, it lay expos'd ; but who the Pox  
 Would think thou would'st attack my *Butter-Box*,  
 Or force my stored Sack, to my surprize?  
 To make my *Bread* become thy Sacrifice :  
 Thy Noble Sire, *Charger*, ne'er was prone  
 To use such Filching Means, he knew his own ;  
 And was content, and never would invade  
 Another's Right, like common Hackney Jade :  
 He came of noble Blood, and ne'er was found,  
 For breaking Hedge, i'th' Lord o'th' Manour's Pound :  
 This was thy Sire, but unhappy Fate  
 Hath made thee from him to degenerate :  
 Thy Dam was *Holland's* Mare I fancy much,  
 Thou learnst'd this way of Thieving from the *Dutch*,  
 Whose Pride is *Butter-Box* ; they're highly pleas'd,  
 And lick their Lips to see the Bread well greas'd :  
 And thou, as if well pleas'd with \* *Butter-Ham*,  
 Didst lick thy Lips, and grin to see the same.  
 Of four Days Guard as yet but two are past,  
 And two remains, and I must Starve at last :  
 Mischievous, unkind Beast ! by *Jove* it's true,  
 Thou'l Starve a *Trooper* and a *Poet* too :  
 Thy Master bears Command, my Hands are ty'd,  
 If loose, by *Jove* I'd soundly drub thy Hide :

---

\* *Bread and Butter.*

Though Hands are bound from striking, yet I will  
Attempt a Satyr, and exert my skill.

*First*, May twelve honest *Troopers* be thy *Jury* ;  
And thou for this be sent to Captain \* *Fury* :  
May Hang-Man *John* a knotty *Whip* provide,  
And Cut and *Slash* thee round from Side to Side ;  
May'st thou no more the noble *Standard* bear,  
But be discharged from thy Master's Care :  
And when thou'rt thus discharged from Master's ||  
[ *Picket* ,

Be forc'd to seek thy Food in Barren *Thicket* :  
May'st thou be Spur'd by *Taylors*, Rid by *Fools*,  
Scorn'd by *Asses*, and be Kick'd by *Mules* :  
May'st thou a Hackney be on *Portsmouth* Road,  
And may *Tarpaulins* be thy Daily Load :  
Or, may'st thou 'th' City spend thy tedious Days,  
In dragging common *Whores* to see the *Plays* :  
May'st thou go Post from *London* down to *Ware*,  
And draw the *Cheapside* Cuckolds to *Horn-Fair* :  
May † *Bradshaw* give thee Drink to make thee Sick,  
To punish thee for this thy Filching Trick :  
May *Sadle* wound thy Back, and may'st thou be  
Never from *Spur-Gauls*, or from *Set-fasts* free :  
And may'st thou be a *Carrier's* Horse at length,  
And may he Load thy Back beyond thy Strength :  
May'st thou be poor and weak, and drop thy Load,  
Fall down i'th' Dirt, and Dye in *Tyburn-Road* ;

---

\* *The Provost-Marshal of the Army.*

|| *A Wooden-Stake to tie Horses too when in Camp.*

† *The Farrier of the Troop.*

And when thou art thus Dead, I hope there'll be  
No Poet that will Write thy Elegy :  
May all my Fellow Troopers Curse thee worse  
In *Englifh* Prose than I have done in Verse :  
May this be true, as I have put my Pen to't,  
And may all honest Troopers say *Amen* to't.

---

A

LETTER  
 FROM  
*Mrs. Susanna Lane,*  
 TO  
*Thomas Trueboy, a Trooper.*

*My Dear,*

WHAT could excite that roving Thought of yours  
 To leave a Maid you gain'd by your Amours;  
 Say what I've done, I'll expiate the Crime,  
 And ask your Pardon, if the Fault was mine;  
 But that's impossible, you know I love;  
 Some Favours granted you will clearly prove,  
 Attack'd by Love, I yeilded all my Charms,  
 And did submit to your All-conquering Arms,  
 On certain terms, that you would Constant be,  
 And Husband be to none but only me.  
 You know, when you attack'd my Fort, that I  
 Did bid adieu to my Virginity:

A pure unspotted Virgin till I gave  
 My Heart to you ; thus I became your Slave :  
 Keep your Parole with me, 'tis all I crave.  
 But sure some Foreign Beauty claims a part  
 Of my Prerogative, your fickle Heart,  
 Curs'd be that she who seeks to dispossess  
 Me of your Love, my Joy, my Happiness :  
 May that Fond she, who boldly dares presume  
 To steal thee from me, let this be her doom ;  
 May she be always know'd by Jealousie,  
 Jealous of all the World, but most of me :  
 May Unshap'd, Monstrous, Births spring from her  
[Womb,

And stinking Dunghill her deserved Tomb :  
 May Bastards fill her House with hedious Noise,  
 And unknown Griefs destroy her look'd for Joys :  
 And may she always strive, but strive in vain,  
 To please that Man who as my right I claim :  
 May Floods of brinish Tears trill down the Cheeks  
 Of that fond she that my Destruction seeks :  
 May she spin out her time in Carping Cares,  
 And have black Eyes, gain'd by Intestine Jars ;  
 Thus pass her time until her Thread is spun,  
 And when spun out, be no more thought upon.  
 But stay, my Muse, I hope no foreign she  
 Can gain thy Love, or steal thee thus from me :  
 Then leave the Wars, my Dear, thy Sword dismiss,  
 Return to me, and crown my Long'd for Bliss :  
 Kind Looks allow to Love, so shall I find.  
 A sovereign Balm for my distracted Mind :

No Worldly Riches do I ask to have ;  
 Your Love alone is all I fondly crave :  
 My Uncle's Dead ! bless'd be his Memory,  
 He made his Will, bequeathing All to me ;  
 Two thousand Pounds is now my Dowery :  
 A wellcome Gift to guard us from the Cold ;  
 It's all for you, my Person, and my Gold.  
 Take pitty then, and say you will be mine,  
 And save Alive your wounded Feminine :  
 Excuse this way of Writing in my Sex ;  
 This Doctrine I must write, 'cause *Love's* the Text :  
 Let the next Post bring to my trembling Hands  
 An Answer to these Lines, it's Love commands.  
 Accept my Love, I ever shall remain  
 Your Constant, Wounded Love, *Susanna Lane.*

---

## Mr. *TRUEBOY*'s Answer.

*My Dear,*

I Ask ten thousand Pardons for my Crime ;  
 You are not Criminal, the Fault was mine :  
 Flush'd in my Cups, God *Bacchus* did infuse  
 Strange Notions in my Head, to your Abuse :  
 Thus ravish'd from the Arms of you, my Dear,  
 The cause I do ascribe to th' Strength of Beer :  
 Had I been Sober, sure I ne'er had don't,  
 Or in your Arms, I ne'er had thought upon't :

*Discharge*

Discharge your Jealous Breast of all its Fears ;  
 Dismiss your Chagrin Thoughts, forsake your Tears :  
 Know, Charming Female, that no foreign she  
 Shall gain my Love, or e'er your Rival be.  
 May my two Eyes ne'er see my Native Shore,  
 If you are not the Person I adore.

*Pole-Artick* shall to *Pole-Antartick* come,  
 And in this Land my Zenith be the *Sun*,  
 And frigid shall the *Torrid Zone* become:  
 And *Prestor John* shall Rule my Native Land,  
 And *Neptune* on the Shore shall bear Command ;  
 The *Turk* turn *Christian*, and the *Jew* a *Papist*,  
 The *Moor* a *Quaker*, and my self an *Atheist* ;  
 The *Moon* forget its Course, the *Tides* to flow,  
 And *Eoreas* shall be known no more to Blow,  
 And all things shall dissolve to brackish Sea,  
 And *Jealous Wife* leave off her *Jealousy*,  
 E'er I will be Unconstant unto thee :  
 Assume thy Right, my Heart I freely yeild  
 To you, fair Conqueress of God *Cupid's Field* ;  
 My Heart is yours, receive it as your Prize,  
 A Captive Heart, fit for your Sacrifice :  
 Endless my Torment is, if you're Unkind,  
 Murder'd by *Cupid*, and Disturb'd in Mind :  
 Returns of Love I crave, and then shall I  
 Run to your lovely Arms, there Live and Dye ;  
 Never to part, if once return'd again,  
 Deliver'd safe from what belongs to *Spain*.  
 Receive my Love, and that will crown the Joy  
 Of him who does remain your Slave, *Trueboy*.

---

---

---

A

# LETTER

FROM AN

Old Cook-Maid in *England*,

TO

GEORGE BLUNDERBUSS,

A Trooper in *Flanders*.

I Do presume, my Dear, once more to write  
To thee, dear *Blunderbuss*, my Heart's delight,  
To let you know I, like the *Turtle-Dove*,  
Do pine away, I having lost my Love:  
Refreshing Sleep is banish'd from my Eyes,  
And unknown Grief dethrones my wonted Joys.

I cannot Eat, for why, my Stomach's gone,  
 And loath that Meat I'm forc'd to swallow down;  
 And thrice a Week the Doctor orders Physick,  
 And says, *He thinks I'm troubl'd with the Phtisick* :  
 My Master swears, and says, I am Distracted;  
 My Mistress thinks my Lungs are Putrifac'ted;  
 The *Hofstler* swears, my like's not in the Nation,  
 That's when I foul the Stable by Purgation;  
 My Fellow Servants often say I'm Idle,  
 And, like a cunning Horse, resist the Bridle,  
 Because I would not Work; but they're mistaken,  
 I never us'd such means to save my Bacon.  
 All this do I endure, because I love,  
 And I shall Die if you Unconstant prove.  
 Sometimes I view the amorous Bed by Night,  
 In which we in Consort had our delight;  
 I saw it once with Pleasure, now with Pain,  
 Because those Joys will ne'er return again:  
 You can't forget with what indulgent Care  
 I rub'd your wonted Scores from off the Bar;  
 And when your Pockets prov'd deficient,  
 And your Subsistance was profusely spent,  
 To mine you had recourse for Contribution,  
 Till quite exhausted by your Diminution;  
 Then went to Pawn my Gown, my Hood, and  
 [Smocks,  
 To pay the Doctor's Bill, when you were Poxt;  
 I wash'd your Shirts, so kept you Clean and Sweet,  
 And Wine you drank at every Meal you Eat;  
 All this was done by me, and ten times more,  
 For thee, dear *Blunderbus*, whom I adore.

reflect on these pass'd Favours granted you,  
 And in return, give me your Heart, my due :  
 Excuse these *Blunders* I have written here,  
 Upon each *Blunder* I've distill'd a Tear :  
 Oh ! *Blunder, Blunder*, 'tis a *Buss* I'd have  
 From thy dear self, that's what I fondly crave,  
 Or send me Headlong to my wish'd for Grave. }  
 Accept my Love, I ever shall subscribe  
 My self, your Captivated Love, *Nan Hide.*

## Blunderbuff's Answer.

OLD musty, stinking, and insipid *Nan*,  
 Whose Cloaths embroider'd are by *Dripping*.  
 [Pan ;

Old *Mother Shipton* like, thy Nose and Chin  
 Do one another Kiss at every Grin ;  
 Old Age has drawn thy Teeth, and from thy Gums  
 A mighty flood of nasty Slabber comes ;  
 Ugly and Loathsome, Over-rid and Old ;  
 A Whore, a Thief, nay ten times worse a Scold ;  
 And yet do'st thou presume, through Impudence,  
 To write to me, a Man of noted Sense,  
 To let me know, you, like a *Turtle-Dove*,  
 Do pine away, you having lost your Love :  
 Poor loving *Turtle Dove*, hard is thy Fate  
 To love that Man that does thy Person hate.  
 Had I my Choice to Hang, or Marry thee,  
 I wou'd refuse Old *Nan*, and chuse the *Tree.*

Thou

Thou can'st not Sleep, why I my self discard  
Somniferous Draughts, when call'd to Mount Grand

[Guard;

When Trumpet sounds to Horse, I'm forc'd to rise, To  
And must not Sleep when on an Enterprize: To  
What is't to me, if thrice a Week you Phyfick,  
Or Doctor orders *Drugs* to cure the *Pbtifick*,  
And so patch up a noted Slut by Birth ;  
And when thus patch'd, your Body's nothing worth,  
Or if you'r Mad, to *Bedlam* go for Knowledge,  
Like me, when worn with Age, to *Chelsea-Colledge*  
If *Hofstler* quarrels with your Excrement,  
Drop'd from your nasty Bum, with fulsome scent,  
What's that to me? Or, if you're Idle grown,  
That is no News; you always were a Drone:  
You say you view the Amorous Bed by Night;  
I bless my Stars the same is from my Sight.  
Indulgent, careful Thief, rub of my Scores;  
Such Tricks is us'd by none but common Whores;  
And Master's Wine to me your Minion gave,  
To make me fitter for your Stallion Slave:  
Wine was the Grace, your self but stinking Meat;  
I always have a Grace before I Eat.  
Without provoking Wines none can agree,  
Or e'er consent to lay thy Letchery,  
But fear to touch so foul a Fiend as thee:  
You term these Favours, yet unto my Grief,  
My Conscience tells me my thou'rt an arrant Thief.  
I Contribution raise from such Old Fools  
That can't contain themselves in modest Rules:

Your

Your Smocks you say you pawn'd to pay a Bill  
 The Doctor brought for *Anti-Clappum Pill*,  
 and And Shirts were wash'd, to keep me clean and  
 rd; [sweet,  
 ife, To render me a Stallion more compleat,  
 To satisfie your fulsome Appetite.

If Doctor's Bill was pay'd, it was to render  
 A thing more sound for thee, my dear Pretender,  
 th, For proper Use of thee, Old Doating Elf,  
 More rotten ten times o'er than me my self :  
 Returns of Love you ask, take you no Care,  
 My Heart's my Own ; 'tis for a brighter Star :  
 t, You are eclips'd by Age, your Teeth are gone,  
 Ugly and Old, and I but Thirty One.  
 Old Doating *Kitchen-Stuff* don't think that I  
 Will Wed with Sixty Five, with Bleared Eye ;  
 Dumb, Deaf, and Rotten, and yet more,  
 A filching Thief, an Old and Common Whore,  
 A *Billinggate*, a *Fiend* as foul as may be,  
 No : *Blunderbuss* is for a Charming Lady.

BLUNDERBUSS  
RECEIPT  
AGAINST  
COWARDICE  
Probatum est.

I Once was Sick, the Doctor said that I  
Was Sick o'th' Wars, and finally must Die;  
If not advis'd; so he prescrib'd a Dose,  
That I must take, and keep my Quarters close;  
Three Cannon-Balls take you, each Ball six Pounds,  
Digested well in Blood took from your Wounds,  
A Pound of Gun-Powder, and Lawyer's Wit,  
With good Lamp-Oyl, take quantum sufficit;  
Take you this Dose Jejuno Stomachio,  
Then walk about an Hour too and fro:  
Take this but once, you need not use it more,  
It will force out the Cause at Postern-Door,  
And you will well digest the War, if Wise;  
A certain Cure for Warsick Cowardice.

I took this Dose with ease and satisfaction,  
And now I can digest a Warlike Action:  
Cast you a Stone i'th' Air, it soon will fall  
Unto the Earth, for why, it's Natural:

It's Nature doth direct the bleating *Lamb*  
 To know, and still be with its proper *Dam* ;  
 Nature directs the *Dog* to kill his *Game* ;  
 The *Salimander's Element* 's the *Flame* :  
 Custom is to some, like Nature's Works,  
 Witness *Mahomitism* to the *Turks* :  
 Observe my *Host*, how nimbly he can run,  
 And Score Two Pots when I have had but One :  
 Lying is us'd by those o'th' dealing *Trade*,  
 Who say it's *Good*, when never *Worse* was Made.  
 Thus ask a *Maid* if she's dispos'd to *Marry*,  
 It's *time enough*, says she, *I'll longer tarry* :  
 This she has learn'd, by Custom, from her *Mother*,  
 One thing to say, and yet to mean another.

By Nature, or by Custom, now am I  
 Become a *Soldier*, and I scorn to fly :  
 To kill's the *Trade* by which I get my *Bread* ;  
 These *Hands* of mine have many lay'd for *Dead* ;  
 Some I do *Carbonade*, and others *Shoot*,  
 And when my *Horse* is kill'd I *Fight on Foot*,  
 Then *Stab*, or *Cut*, or *Shoot*, or how I can,  
 Till all are *Slain*, and I can find no *Man*  
 That dares *Encounter* with *Heroick me*,  
 But all retreat when *Blunderbuss* they see.  
 I've serv'd the *Goverment* these fourteen *Years* ;  
 I am *Cafe-harden'd* now, my *Face* appears  
 Most *Beautiful*, it being adorn'd with *Scars*  
 As Honourable *Tokens* of the *Wars* ;  
*Pinginnets* spread my *Landlord's Face* in *Kent* ;  
*Bacchus* has plac'd them there for *Ornament* :

My

My Uncle *George*, of noble Race, is come,  
 Yet to Effeminate, to follow Drum :  
 So *Venus* Listed him, she prov'd unkind,  
 Beat flat his Nose, and left her Marks behind ;  
 And some the common Hang-Man marks i'th' Face,  
 Because that picking Pockets was the Case ;  
 These Marks are Ignominious, because  
 They were obtain'd by breaking *Brittain's* Laws ;  
 But *Mars* bestow'd on me these Marks I bear,  
 For serving Conquering *Ann* in lawful War :  
 At *Hockstedt* I my self charg'd Six i'th' Field,  
 Kill'd Five o'th' Spot, and forc'd the Sixth to yield :  
 At *Donawert* I boldly charg'd the *French*,  
 And drove whole Squadrons thro' their Guarded  
 [Trench]

I took Three Gen'rals at *Ramilly*,  
 A Prince o'th' Blood, and all his Family ;  
 Most of *Bavaria's* Guard were Slain by me.  
 Have not you heard how I, at *Oudenard*,  
 Engag'd a Captain, and Beat all his Guard ;  
 The Captain was my Prisoner, and he  
 Was forc'd to beg his Life of Noble me :  
 At *Tournay's* Siege I saw a Bomb i'th' Air,  
 And all cry'd out, *A Bomb there, have a Care* :  
 But I stood still, as not at-all dismay'd,  
 And did not run like those who were afraid,  
 But spread my Cloak, and catch'd it in the Fall,  
 So Choak'd it quite, it never broke at-all.  
 This rais'd my Honour ; all Men now confess  
 There's none so bold as me, *George Blunderbus*.

THE  
 HUMOUR  
 OF A  
 Mourning Widow  
 CONSIDER'D

**O**BSERVE the Widow's House, you'll see  
 A sort of Trage-Comedy :  
 A 'Scutcheon, Drawn by Painter's Skill,  
 Is placed up, like Play-House Bill,  
 To give the World an Information,  
 By the Way of Ostentation,  
 To let you know, unhappy Fate !  
 Exposes poor Deceas'd in State.  
 The House must be dismantled quite,  
 And Ornaments put out of Sight :  
 The Hangings, with the Tapestry,  
 Are cast into Obscurity :  
 The Pictures, with the *China* Wares,  
 Are all conceal'd behind the Stairs ;

And *Looking-Glass*, that's six Foot long,  
 Is put away amongst the Throng ;  
 And *Dressing-Box*, the darling Pride  
 Of *Mourning Widow*, is lay'd aside :  
 Then Master *Undertaker's* Pack  
 Do come and hang the House with Black :  
 In *Parlour*, where *Defunct* doth lie,  
 Is seen the *Mourners* standing by,  
 All Cloath'd in Black, and making Moan  
 With dismal and uncommon Tone :  
 Here's Sniveling, throwing Snot about,  
 Which is discharg'd from *Mourner's* Snout ;  
 Such Sighing, Sobing, ne'er was known  
 Since Father *Adam* walk'd alone ;  
 Such dismal Looks, and such Grimaces,  
 Do frame a Grief in all their Faces ;  
 Then Howl in Consort once again,  
 Much worse than *Hogs* by *Butchers* slain.  
 When Friends appear where Corps is seated,  
 The Howling is again repeated :  
 One acts the *Curtell*, or the *Base*,  
 With Grief expressed in his Face,  
 An Emblem of the *Widow's* Case :  
 But it's not what is requisite  
 The *Mob* should see her Counterfeit :  
 These *Mourners* Office is to show  
 The *Widow* Mourns *Incognito*.

Next, let us view the *Widow* Lady,  
 Who acts her Part as well as may be :

She's Chamber'd up, two Stories high,  
 Where Room receives no Light from Skie,  
 But all's Obscure, to make appear  
 As if a real *Mourner* 's there:  
 She on her *Couch* extended lies,  
 With veiled Face, to screen her Eyes:  
 From Head to Foot she's cover'd o'er  
 With Sable Robes by *Mourners* wore:  
 She's heard to Sigh, to Sob, to Scream,  
 Yet all this while her Tongue's Serene;  
 Sometimes she'll fetch a sudden Screech,  
 As if, thro' Grief, her Heart wou'd break:  
 Those who are Strangers to her Wit,  
 Would think it's a *Convulsion Fit*:  
 She acts her Part so well, as if  
 It were a true substantial Grief:  
 But, without all Contradiction,  
 It is no more than meerly Fiction:  
 Could you but scrutinize her Heart,  
 Or she her Secrets wou'd impart,  
 You'd find her formal Grief no more  
 Than baser Mettal gilded o'er:  
 Her Tears are Poysonous, therefore she  
 Owes to her Cheeks some Charity;  
 For when a Flood attempts to rise,  
 She'll stop the Breaches of her Eyes,  
 With Thoughts of Marr'ing once again  
 To some Great Lord of mighty Fame.

Well, now her Grief has some respite,  
 And feigned Sorrow 's over quite:

Now she begins to move her Tongue,  
 And stare about amongst the Throng :  
 Among which Crowd a Doctor stands,  
 With *Cordial Fulip* in his Hands ;  
 But first applys his Skillful Fist  
 To find the *Pulse* on *Widow's Wrist*.  
*Madam*, says he, *how are you now ?*  
*Methinks your Pulse beats mighty low :*  
*Lord ! Sir*, says she, *my Heart is broke :*  
*How shall I bear this mighty Stroke ?*  
*Oh ! Wretched Creature, that I am,*  
*Thus to survive that Loving Man :*  
*I wish I ne'er had seen the Day*  
*That my dear *Lord* was snatch'd away :*  
*Oh ! Death ! Oh ! Death ! thou'rt too severe,*  
*To take him hence, and leave me here :*  
*Oh ! that I now were Cold and Dead,*  
*And in the Coffin in his stead !*  
*Alas, alas, I'm now undone ;*  
*My Friend is gone, and now I've none :*  
*Oh ! Stand away, let me now expire ;*  
*Grant me, Great Jove, my Soul's desire.*

Good *Madam*, says the *Doctor*, why  
 Do you thus Grieve, or wish to Die ?  
 Dear Lady take this little Cup,  
 And drink the *Cordial Fulip* up :  
 For it will dissipate your Fears ;  
 It will restrain your mournful Tears :  
 Madam, it will, take my Parole,  
 Give Ease unto your drooping Soul.

*Lord !*

*Lord! Sir, said she, there's nothing can  
Drive from my Heart that Loving Man :  
None of your Slops can ease my Grief ;  
Come welcome Death, that's my Relief.*

*Forbear, dear Madam, says a Dame,  
I hope you'll stand another Game :  
Your Lord is Dead we know, what then ?  
In this wide World there's other Men  
To take you to a Marriage-Bed ;  
Then think no more on him that's Dead :  
He's gone the Way of all Mankind,  
And left to you his Wealth behind :  
You're Charming, Young, and Buxom still,  
And may be Happy if you will :  
A certain Lord was pleas'd to say,  
And thus express'd himself to Day,  
*I wish, said he, upon my Life,*  
*That Charming Widow was my Wife :*  
*I'd serve her with my utmost power,*  
*And oblige her in that happy Hour ;*  
*Convert her Grief to sweet Delight,*  
*Adore by Day, and Love by Night.*  
This Lord 's no Stranger ; for he's known  
By you, and me, and all the Town :  
His Lordship's Young, which doth portend,  
That he can stand a Lady's Friend :  
Besides, well Shap'd, and Wealthy too,  
He'll keep a Coach and Six for you ;  
And you may be the Happy'ft Bride  
That ever lay by Human Side.*

Then, Madam, cease to Mourn, since Fate  
 Has prov'd so kind to you of late,  
 To take him hence who was Diseas'd,  
 I rather think you may be pleas'd,  
 Since that he's called hence, thro' Grace,  
 To yield a Younger Lord his Place.

Then Widow raises up her Head,  
 And speaks unto her *Chamber-Maid*,  
*Come, Jane, come reach the Doctor's Cup;*  
*I'll strive to drink the Cordial up.*

*A thousand Obligations due,*  
*Dear, Worthy Lady, unto you :*  
*Your Words my Sorrows mittigate ;*  
*They seem my Torments to abate.*  
*As yet, it's time enough, indeed,*  
*To lay aside my Mourning Weed :*  
*If I so soon a Consort take,*  
*The World will its Reflection make :*  
*Yet, I confess, my Nature's prone,*  
*It spurs a second Marriage on.*

Dear Madam, *quoth another Dame*,  
 I hope you'll Marry once again ;  
 For your Affairs, do what you can,  
 Will suffer Loss without a Man :  
 To Lett a Farm you know not how,  
 Or what for Taxes to allow :  
 You cannot tell how much *per Cent*  
 You ought to have for Money Lent :

You

You can't cast up your *Steward's Bill* ;  
 In course he'll Cheat you with his *Quill* :  
 You understand no *Querks in Law*,  
 No more than *Magpie*, or a *Daw* :  
 Your *Doctor*, *Lawyer*, or your *Baker*,  
*Lace-Man*, *Silk-Man*, or *Shoe-Maker*,  
 They'll all be *Cheats*, in spight of *Fate*,  
 And will diminish your *Estate*,  
 Unless you take a *second Mate*. }

*That's true, says Widow, that they will;*  
*I do not understand a Bill;*  
*Or cast Accompt, you may presume,*  
*No more than can the Pope of Rome:*  
*I'll strive to Live; I hope kind Fate*  
*Will pleasure me with second Mate,*  
*To stand my Friend, and ease my Grief,*  
*And to my Sorrows yield Relief.*  
*Oh! grant, ye Heav'ns! that I may*  
*Live and enjoy that happy Day*  
*In which I may my Wishes crown,*  
 Which said, she took the Cordial down.

---

# A D V I C E T O T H E W I D O W.

Forbear, thou *Crocodile*, to Mourn,  
Since all Mankind do know  
Thou'lt no Respect unto his Urn,  
But all's for Outward show,

Do'st think thy forced Tears e'er can  
Have power to Deceive  
That noble Creature, called *Man*?  
No; still we think on *Eve*.

But if of Tears thou'l be profuse,  
And they sincerely fall,  
They're highly fit for *Doctor's* use;  
Be Wise, preserve them all.

They're good to ease disturbed Mind,  
The *Cramp*, the *Stone*, the *Gout*;  
Infallibly will cure the *Blind*,  
If drop't sincerely out.

They're

They're good to clear our Eye-sight, when  
 Thy Painted Sex intice us ;  
 And will not suffer in us Men,  
*Deceptio visus.*

These Wonder-working Tears can raise  
 The Dead to Life again ;  
 If mixed with the Oyl of *Bays*  
 They're good to cure a Strain ;

But if the *Crocodile's* thy Case,  
 Then Poys'nous are thy Tears :  
 And if they touch thy lovely Face,  
 Thy Beauty disappears.

Then have a Care, lest that by chance,  
 Sincerely thou should'st cry ;  
 For if Defunct rise from his Trance,  
 Adieu to all thy Joy.

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# A G A M E O F Back - Gammon, PLAY'D BY My LORD and my LADY.

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To the Tune of, *Jolly Roger Twangdillow of Ploughden-Hill.*

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## I.

**T**HE Buxom Young Widow has lost the first Game,  
 Because that her Dice were unkind :  
 But, like a true Gamester, she'll venture again,  
 In hopes they will run to her Mind :  
 Resolving to venture,  
 Tho' she may repent her,  
 And come off a Looser at last,  
 She'll hazard the same,  
 And stand t'other Game,  
 To pleasure again  
 Her Merkin, her Jerkin, and her Water-Firkin,  
 A Pleasure she longeth to taste.

## I I.

Cinque Trea, the first Night,  
 Did yield her Delight,  
 And she made a Point with the same :  
 Size-Ace the next Throw, or she's ruined quite,  
 And in danger of loosing the Game :  
 See how bad her Case is,  
 For up came Two Aces,  
 And she is not pleased at all.  
 Adieu my Delight ;  
 I'm Gammon'd Out-right ;  
 What no more to Night  
 For my Merkin, my Jerkin, and my Water-Firkin ?  
 My Lord, your Two Aces are small.

## I I I.

My Lord, you do Wrong me, in Cheating me so,  
 And I will not yield you the Game :  
 Come handle the Dice, and take t'other Throw ;  
 I'm ready to venture the same.  
 But my Lord wou'd venture  
 To throw at her Center,  
 He had no more Aces to Play.  
 Says she, My Lord, you  
 Shall have a Cornu ;  
 For I'll have my due  
 For my Merkin, my Jerkin, and my Water-Firkin,  
 Or you shall Sing Cuckoe to Day.

## I V.

Hold, Madam, *says he*, I'll take t'other Hit :  
 Come take up the *Dice* in your Hand,  
 And Jog 'em, or Cog 'em, or what you think fit  
 I fear I'm not able to Stand.  
 Then mind what came after,  
 For up came a Quator ;  
 And she took him up with that Cast :  
 He tblew in vain  
 To enter again ;  
 So she got the Game,  
 With ber Merkin, ber Jerkin, and ber Water-Firkin ;  
 And she was well pleased at last.

---

THE  
 METAMORPHISE  
 OF  
 SILVIA.

SILVIA was most Charming Fair,  
 Her Head adorn'd with Silver Hair,  
 Bedeck with Gems, and costly Things,  
 And finely Wrought with Silken Strings:  
 Her Face, in all its Parts, was seen  
 Far to surpass the Eastern Queen ;  
 Her Neck, her Breast, her Mein, and Grace,  
 Did equalize her lovely Face ;  
 And all her Parts appear'd to be  
 Adorn'd with Graceful Majesty ;  
 And all the World that saw her, were  
 Struck with Amazement, Love, and Fear :  
 Each Rival 'gainst each other strove,  
 And each in hopes to gain her Love :  
 Amongst her Lovers there was found  
 Four noble Lords, of Birth renown'd ;  
*Dorastus*, and the noble *Vanus*,  
 Young *Victor*, and the Lord *Strephonius* :

Each

Each Lov'd with Passion, each with Pain  
 Did strive her stubborn Heart to gain :  
 Stubborn untill the God of *Love*,  
 In Rage descended from Above,  
 And at her cast a pointed Dart,  
 Which twice in twain did split her Heart :  
 One fourth of which she gave away  
 To Young *Dorastus*, Lord of *May* ;  
 A second fourth she freely gave  
 To noble *Vanus*, to her Slave ;  
 Most wonderful this charming Fair  
 Yielded to *Vidor* too a Share :  
 She found a private way to send  
*Strephanus* too his dividend.  
 Each had his Share, each had his Part  
 Of Love that issued from her Heart :  
 Nor did she know within her Breast,  
 Which of the Four she loved best.

Then *Jove* did Eccho thro' the Skies  
 With dreadful and a Thund ring Noise,  
 And Nimble *Mercury* was sent  
 Throughout the Starry Element,  
 With Proclamations from great *Jove*,  
 To Summons first the God of *Love*,  
 And all the other Gods, to come  
 And Godesseſſs, before his Throne.  
 No sooner done, but in a Trice  
 They all Obey'd his mighty Voice :  
 All were ready, all were there,  
 Expecting his Commands to hear :

Te Gods, said he, *I will descend,*  
 And you muſt your *Assistance lend*  
 In concert with me on the *Earth*,  
 Where *Silvia Lives that's Great by Birth* :  
*She's equally fall'n in Love with Four,*  
 And each of them do her *adore* :  
*Now, ye Gods, we muſt decide*  
*Which ſhall enjoy her for his Bride.*

As ſoon as he had made an end,  
 They all prepared to descend ;  
 Whilſt trembling Clouds did ſhake with fear,  
 Which Conſternated every Sphere,  
 And all the Heav'ns ſeem'd to be  
 Struck with a Fit of Agony,  
 A noise i'th' Element was heard,  
 Which made the trembling Earth afraid ;  
 Then Instantly all was ſerene,  
 The Fogs diſperſ'd themſelves again :  
*Phæbus appear'd i'th' Horrison,*  
 Forc'd in Career by *Phaeton* ;  
 Then *Jove appear'd with all his Train*,  
 And *Neptune* with the Gods o'th' Main ;  
 Then all the rest in Order came :  
 Circling themſelves, the Earth they grac'd,  
 And *Jove* was in their Center plac'd.

{

First they conſider'd *Silvia's Case*,  
 And call'd the Lovers Face to Face :  
 Each ſpoke the Paſſion of his Heart,  
 And ſhe did hers to each impart.

After

After a great and long Debate  
 Concerning who should be her Mate,  
 At length they all agreed that she  
 Should unto *Cards* transformed be ;  
 And all the Four should play a Game  
 At *Leu*, for to decide the same :  
*Jove* wav'd his Awful Scepter, and  
 To all the rest he gave Command,  
 That each of them should keep his Station,  
 And see the amazing Transformation.

First she seem'd Yellow, Wan, and Pale ;  
 Then from each Finger drop'd a Nail :  
 Her Body shak'd with great surprize,  
 Whilst Fire darted from her Eyes ;  
 Off drop'd her Head, as if afraid  
 By th' other Parts it was betray'd :  
 Surprisingly her Snowy Chest  
 Dissected was below her Breast :  
 Her Int'rals, and some other Parts,  
 Metamorphiz'd were to *Hearts* ;  
 Her Fingers *Diamonds* became ;  
 Her Toes and Thumhs assum'd the same ;  
 Her Hair was chang'd, each Lock was Made,  
 By falling off her Head, a *Spade* ;  
 Her Teeth were *Clubs*, and from her Heart  
*Pam*, or th' Knave o' th' same did start ;  
 Her Legs and Arms converted were  
 Three unto *Stools*, the Fourth a *Chair* ;

Her Belly did appear to be  
In Colour like to *Ebony*.

Thus chang'd, a Table it became,  
On which the Lords might play the Game,  
And try their Fortune for the same.

Lord *Victor* first assum'd the *Chair*,  
The others *Stools*; but now you'll hear,  
They Lift to Deal, Lord *Victor* must  
First Deal the *Cards*, and be most Just:  
In Dealing he gave each his Share,  
First three to all, then each a Pair;  
Not liking some they change 'em too,  
As Custom is at *Lanktry-Loo*;  
The Trump that turn'd up was a *Spade*,  
And four of them Lord *Vanus* had;  
*Dorastus* thought himself secure,  
Having the *Ace*, the *King* and *Four*;  
*Strephanus* was as bold as he,  
Not doubting but to Beat the *Three*;  
A Flush of *Hearts* he'd in his Hand,  
A noble Chance for him to stand:  
Lord *Victor* chang'd, and up there came,  
His Chance, a Flush of *Trump*s and *Pam*,  
Which put an end unto the Game.

The *Stools* and *Tables*, as it's said,  
Run round the Room to seek the Head;  
The *Chair* was Dancing all the while;  
Her *Lips* were seen to yield a Smile;

The *Spades* were Curled Locks again ;  
 Her *Chest* clos'd up, that Split in twain ;  
 Each *Diamond* re-assum'd its place,  
 Her lovely Hands and Feet to Grace ;  
 The *Clubs* run to her Ruby Lips ;  
 Two of the *Stools* joyn'd to her Hips ;  
 The other *Stool*, and *Victor's Chair*,  
 Each other Cours'd, in full Career,  
 About the Room, until they came  
 To th' Shoulders, where they joyn'd the same :  
*Pam* as swift as *Cupid's Dart*,  
 Run down her Throat into her Heart,  
 And Instantly he there perceiv'd  
 This Metamorphose had retriev'd  
 Not only her prime Beauty, but  
 Of Graces an Addition to't :  
*Ye Gods*, said he, *I do implore*,  
 Since its my due, you will bestow her  
 On me, who have so freely gave  
 My Heart and all to be her Slave.  
 They knowing her to be his due,  
 And likewise of their Justice too,  
 They all with shouting Voices cry'd,  
 Fair *Silvia* shall be *Victor's Bride*.

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AN  
 ENCOMIUM  
 UPON  
 HARLIQUINE,  
 General *Wood's Horse.*

WHilst Flat'ring Poets force their Eloquence,  
 And screw their Rhimes beyond all common  
 [Sense,

To agrandize the Deeds, and sing the Praise,  
 And by their loft Muse they strive to raise  
 His Lordship's Honour to the highest Pitch,  
 And only flatter him, because he's Rich :  
 Whilst others do become mere *Parasites*,  
 And with their Muse do spur our Generous Knights ;  
 Whilst such do spend their time to praise Great Men,  
 In hopes to fill their Bellies by the Pen,

I did employ some part of precious Time,  
 In Writing poor, insipid,aultry Rhime  
 To sing the Praise of noble *Harliqueine*.  
 When Proud Insulting Foes Invasion made  
 On *England's* Liberty, Her Laws, and Trade,  
 And broach'd *Hibernian* War, and strove to bring,  
 And make us subject to a *Romish* King,  
 Then was the time, most noble *Harlequine*,  
 That thou was seen to cross the famous *Boyne* :  
 Tho' Squadrons bent their Force against thy Breast,  
 And thought to turn about thy noble Crest,  
 Yet didst thou scorn to turn thy Tail unto  
 The *Gallio* Force, or *Irish* Hallaloo :  
 But to the Guarded Gates thou didst persue ;  
 Thou was in Action when the numerous Foe  
 Receiv'd at *Brittus* total Overthrow,  
 And hadst him on thy Back who gave the Blow :  
 When Olive-Branch appear'd, and Wars did cease,  
 And fam'd *Hibernia* Crown'd with wellcome Peace,  
 Then high Disputes arose concerning *Spain*,  
 And *Europe* was Embroil'd in Wars again :  
 But Honour call'd, and thou didst soon Obey,  
 And shew'dst thy willingness, by pleasing Neigh,  
 To push once more thy Glory to persue,  
 And plant thy Lawrels in *Germania* too :  
*Hockstedt* will ne'er forget thy Noble Name,  
 And *Donawert* will always sing thy Fame :  
 Thy Actions far surpass Great *Cesar's* Horse,  
 And *Pegasus* more slow to run his Course :  
 Nor had *Bucephalus* more lofty Pride,  
 Whom mighty *Alexander* us'd to stride.

Altho'

Altho' thou art now grown Old, yet in thy Gate  
Thou do'st preserve a grave Majestick State.  
If Annimals have Vertues, then there be  
Virtues uncommon Inherent still in thee,  
Which Virtues do surpasse, and far out-shine  
Thy Fellow Annimals, if plac'd with thine,  
Most Noble, War-like, Lofty *Harlequine*.

---

# Fortune Revers'd :

OR, THE

## Minister's FAMILY Ruin'd.

THE Parson 's Dead, *Death* was unkind  
 To snatch him hence, and leave behind  
 His Widow with disturbed Mind  
 Possessed :

She who demanded Tythe from *Sow*,  
 And from *Church-Warden* claim'd a Bow,  
 She must submit, 'cause she is now  
 Distress'd.

She who at a *Christening-Feast*  
 Could Prate, and Prattle with the Best,  
 And be as apt to break a Jest  
 As any :

And in the Parson's Life-time she  
 Receiv'd from all the bended Knee,  
 And Treated with Civility  
 By many.

Church-Warden's Wife, to say the Truth,  
 Would Curtsie make, and say, *forsooth*,  
*Come to my House, I'll please your Tooth*  
*With Dainties :*

And Farmer's Wife would Curtsie make,  
 And Honour her for Parson's sake,  
 And Presents make, against the *Wake*,  
 In Plenty.

Each Teoman's Wife, in *Lent*, would bring  
 A good *Cod-Fish*, or piece of *Ling*,  
 A *Turkey-Cock*, or such like thing,  
 To Feast her :

The *Jones* and *Dolls*, and Country *Megs*,  
 And *Jack* and *Tom*, came making Legs,  
 Each brings a Basket fill'd with *Eggs*,  
 At *Easter* :

But now the Parson's gone from Home,  
 He'll not return till Day of Doom ;  
 Another's placed in his Room,  
 And Teaching :

The Parson's Wife she is forgot,  
 There comes no more for *Spit* or *Pot*,  
 And this is all that she has got,  
 By Preaching.

His pretty Daughter, as it's said,  
 At *Boarding-School* was nicely Bred,  
 As e'er was any Country Maid,  
 At *Chetley*:

A nimble Fellow came from *France*,  
 Of whom she Learn'd to Sing and Dance,  
*Caper*, *Fall-Back*, and *Advance*  
 Most neatly.

He likewise Taught her many a Song,  
 And shew'd her Pricks both short and long,  
 And how to stop a Hole when Young,  
 And shake it:

He Learn'd her how to Tune a *Lute*,  
 And likewise how to handle *Flute*,  
 Most willingly, when she cou'd do't,  
 She'd take it:

She Made *Point*, and she could *Sew*,  
*Raise Paste* as other Ladies do,  
 And knew what e'er was fit to know,  
 To Grace her:

But in the midst of all her Pride ;  
 Alack-a-day, her Father Dy'd,  
 She Fainting fell, the Ladies cry'd  
*Unlace her* :

Then coming to herself, says she,  
 I'm strip'd of all my Bravery :  
 My Father's Dead who gave to me  
 My Learning.

What shall I do ? Where shall I run ?  
 My Father's Dead, and Friends I've none :  
 I'm left unto my self alone  
 This Morning.

But being Youthful, Brisk, and Gay,  
 Her Beauty suff'ring no decay,  
 She packs up her Cloaths, and comes away  
 To th' City.

When there, she Wash'd, and Lick'd her Face  
 With Paint, to give't a Courtly Grace,  
 Hoping some one might her Embrace  
 For Pitty.

All was the same, though she lay down  
 Upon the Floor, or Bed of Down,  
 She never wou'd refuse a Crown  
 For Rigen :

She'd every Day walk once or twice  
 Near to the Park for Wine and Ice,  
 At Night give Beveridge a Sife  
 For Jiging.

She

She long did use this *Venus* Trade,  
 And past to Strangers for a Maid,  
 'Till *Fortune* prov'd to her a Jade,  
 In *Fino*:

A Handsome, Comely, Proper Man,  
 Meeting her, he made a stand,  
 Offering her, with Hat in Hand,  
 Some *Rino*.

This Gentleman, as some report,  
 Had all the Breeding of the Court,  
 And had an Itching Mind too Sport  
 With *Cloris*:

But, lack-a-day, she knew him not,  
 He was a *Levite*'s Son, and got  
 Lately, something Piping-Hot,  
 Near *Story*'s;

Which he as freely did transmit  
 To her, at Tavern near the *Pit*,  
 Which forced her to a Spitting-Fit,  
 To Ease her.

Her Room was dark, the Windows close,  
 For three Weeks she took no Repose,  
 And yet there was no Doctor's Dose  
 Would please her.

All her Silks and *Furbelows*,  
 And *Silver-Lace* about her *Toes*,  
 They all were Sold to save her *Nose*  
 From falling.

Yet she does Ramble at her *Will*,  
 And with *Tarpaulins* Kis's and Bill  
 In *Wapping*, where she follows still  
 Her Calling.

His Son was sent to *Brazen-Nose*,  
 To learn to Preach, but no one knows  
 How this poor Lad will compass Cloaths,  
 Or Eating :

To Lend him Money all refuse ;  
 The *Cobler* will not Mend his Shoes,  
 And Friends, to hear this dismal News,  
 Retreating.

*Phylosopby*, and all its Rules,  
 He pass'd, and divers other Schools,  
 And learn'd to prove the Wise were Fools  
 By *Logick* ;

And how to prove the Living, Dead,  
 Or that *Roast-Beef* was *Barly-Bread* ;  
 Or that a Kick upon your Head  
 Was no Kick.

He could by *Logick* prove a *Mouse*  
 Was *Dog*, or *Cat*, or that a *Louse*  
 Was bigger far than any *House*  
 In *London*.

But now his *Logick* Phraise is fled  
 And lost, since *ejus Pater's Dead*,  
 Whose Pockets with *Argentum Fled*,  
 He's Undone.

He leaves his *Studies*, comes to *Town*,  
 And there he rambles up and down ;  
 Sometimes a *Friend* gives him a *Crown*  
 For's *Pocket*:

He then runs to an *Ale-Houfe*, where  
 He sits him down, and calls for *Beer* ;  
 And who d'ye think should see him there  
 But *Dogget*.

*Sir*, said he, *I think your Wit*  
*Is Genuine, and very fit*  
*To make something to please the Pit,*  
*A Play, Sir :*

Then up he Starts, and makes a *Bow*,  
 A *Country* one, I know not how,  
 And takes his leave of him, and now  
 Away, *Sir*.

So Home he goes, and aims to Write  
 A Tragedy, but spoils it quite:  
 His Play is Damn'd, and he out-right  
 Distracted :

So now his Pains and Labour's lost,  
 But something else disturbs him most,  
 It is a Debt he to his Host  
 Contracted.

But being bold, and nothing fearing,  
 He makes assay at Pamphletering,  
 He Writes the Truth, but too much Jeering  
 The mighty :

For which he is to *Newgate* sent,  
 And for deserved Punishment,  
 He is deny'd the Nourishment,  
*She Vitæ.*

And when the Justice Day is come,  
 He is oblig'd to follow *Drum* ;  
 Discharge his *Pen*, and Load his *Gun*,  
 And Prime it :

Now he has learn'd the Exercise,  
 To *Shoulder, Charge, to Rest, to Poise*,  
 To *Club*, and *Face* like other Boys,  
 He'll time it.

Now

Now he can *Hector, Swear, and Lye,*  
 Stand *Kick and Cuff, and Cog a Die,*  
 Or Fight the *Bullys* standing by,  
 At Tilting :

Now he can *Sing, and Rant, and Roar,*  
 Demand the *Rino* from a *Whore,*  
 Or else he'll Kick her out of Door  
 For Jilting.

This he has learn'd in *Marshal-School,*  
 To Fight, according to the Rule,  
 With Sword, or any War-like Tool,  
 When Time is :

Had he remain'd at *Braxen-Nose,*  
 He ne'er had known what now he knows,  
 And might ha' been Bare-Ars'd, wanting Cloaths,  
*Sic Finis.*

---

A G R E A T  
 B A T T L E  
 FOUGHT BETWEEN  
 R O A N,  
 G----l L--y's Turn-Spit,  
 A N D  
 ROYAL GEN.

---

T H E  
 A R G U M E N T.

*Roan being Drunk with Geneva, left his Service, and Sold Geneva about the Camp till such time as he became a Bankrupt.*

W H O can but pitty poor unhappy *Roan*,  
 That's no Man's Enemy unless his own :  
 A Some say his Office was but Mean ; yet *Fate*  
 Has plac'd some others in a lower State :

For

For *Roan* was plac'd i'th' *Kitchen*, and his Post,  
 Or Daily Office, was to rule the *Roast* :  
 He was the *Primum Mobile* to turn  
 The Spits like Speres about, lest Flesh should burn :  
*Superintendant*, and the *Overseer*  
 O'th' *Racks* and *Tongs*, and all the *Kitchen Geer* ;  
*Lord Baron Stove*, and Knight o'th' *Dripping-Pan*,  
 And bore a mighty Sway o'er \* *Mary Ann* ;  
*Master* o'th' *Faggot-Pile*, and had the Charge  
 O'th' *Coals* ; and his Commission ran at large,  
 To Chase away all *Curs* who durst presume  
 To come into his *Precincts*, the *Cooking-Room*.

These were his high Commands ; but to pursue,  
 His Table was Inferiour unto few ;  
 For *Roan* had many a choice and dainty Bit,  
 Things scarce, Things dear, Things rare, *videlicet*.  
 He had *Pease* in *May*, and *Lamb* at *Candlemas*,  
 And in *December* *Roan* had *Sparragrass* ;  
*Green-Geese*, and *Goosberry-Sance* and *Mackril*,  
 And other Things more rare in *April* ;  
*Turkeys* of two Months Old, and for *Desarts*  
 He'd *Nectarines*, *Apricots*, and *Cherry-Tarts* :  
 Nor did his Table fail, amongst the rest,  
 Of Joints of Fatted *Calf*, and *Mutton's Breakfast* ;  
*Venison* he had by Wholesale, *Ducks* and *Cocks*,  
*Plumb-Pudding* too, and Roasted Loins of *Ox* ;

\* *The Woman that wash'd the Dishes.*

His Table wanted nothing fit to Eat,  
Nor *Fish*, nor *Fowl*, or any sort of *Meat*,  
But stored with Rarities, and was compleat.

Yet *Roan*, as by his Looks a Man may gues<sup>s</sup>,  
In Eatables ne'er plac'd his Happiness ;  
His chiefest Pride and Love consisted in  
The Liquid Gutt'ral Substance, *Royal Gen* ;  
Brother to *Brandy*, tho' the Younger Twin :  
And when his Flesh was Scorch'd with burning  
[Heat,  
And's greasie Part dissolv'd itself in Sweat,  
When his poor Skin was parch'd, and look'd as  
[Red  
As Hide of Roasted *Pig*, or Toasted *Bread*,  
Then, 'cause his *Lungs*, his *Liver*, and his *Heart*  
With's *Flesh* and *Skin* should bear an equal part,  
He'd call a Cup of noble *Royal Gen*,  
And take it down to Stew himself within ;  
But took too large a Dose at his Expences,  
Which Tore his Purse, and Stupify'd his Senses ;  
Burnt and destroy'd his Cloaths, then did ascend,  
And bred a Civil-War in's Upper-End ;  
Lull'd Sense asleep, made *Pericranium* dull,  
Plunder'd his Brain, so left an empty Skull ;  
Cramp'd his Judgment, beat him from his Post,  
And plac'd a *Flanderkin* to rule the Roast.

But *Roan*, whose Courage ne'er was known to  
[fail,

Resolved to make Reprisal, or to Goal :

So he attack'd the mighty *Gen*, and took  
And made him Prisoner with Silver Hook,  
And has Confined him from the Light o'th' *Sun*,  
Within the small Precincts of *Little-Tun* :  
But *Roan* is Cautious how he lets him out,  
For fear of being attack'd the other Bout.  
*Gen*'s in Captivity, and must remain  
A Slave to *Roan*, and *Roan* he must maintain,  
Till he's restor'd him to his Post again.

}

---

Cupid

Cupid Abdicated:  
 BEING A  
 DIALOGUE  
 BETWEEN  
 CUPID and a CAPTAIN;  
 SHEWING,  
 The Folly of LOVE, and the Honour  
 that is gain'd by WAR.

Cupid. *TELL me, rash Youth, what means this base*  
 [Retreat ?]  
*Why now so Frigid? Where's thy wonted Heat?*  
*Advance once more; with Courage take the Field;*  
*Attack with kind Amours to make her yield.*

Captain. Who's that which Speaks? Cupid. It's  
 [me my Darling Boy;  
*I am the Introducer of thy Joy.*

*Capt.* Then is thy Name *Great Mars*, or dost thou  
[bear

*Bellona's* Name, who Goddess is of *War* ?  
Or art thou Mighty *Alexander's* Ghost ;  
Or Captain-General of *Brittain's* Host ?  
Or else art thou the Mighty Prince *Eugene* ?  
Or what's thy Name ? Or what is't you mean ?

*Cupid.* *Hast thou so soon forgot thy Sov'reign Prince,*  
*To whom thou ought'st to yield Obedience ?*  
*Cupid's my Name : I can by Title prove*  
*My self to be th' adored God of Love ;*  
*And was ador'd, and worship'd once by thee ;*  
*To me thou took'st an Oath of Fealty,*  
*Of true Obedience, and of Loyalty.*

*Cap.* Oh ! Master *Cupid*, is it you ? I own  
I was your Subject once, but now I'm none.

*Cupid.* *What ! not my Subject, base Deserting Knave ?*  
*Do'st rather fancy to become a Slave*  
*Unto a Prince, whose Subjects ev'ry Hour*  
*Submit themselves to Arbitrary Power,*  
*Whilst mine do Live most free, and unconfined,*  
*Without the Limits of a Prince's Mind :*  
*Whose Will's his Law, what he Commands he'll have,*  
*And Triumphs over those he makes his Slaves :*  
*Then do, rash Youth, let me the reason know*  
*Why Cupid is become thy mortal Foe ?*  
*Or what it was induc'd thy feeble Heart*  
*To run away, and act the Coward's part ?*

*Capt.*

*Capt.* I'll let thee know, Oh! cruel *Cupid*, why,  
 And what the Reason was that made me fly :  
 And why I have with *Cupid* broke my Word ;  
 And why exchang'd thy Service for a Sword.  
 First, mighty *Cupid*, thou didst give Command,  
 That I should Kiss the Lady *Silvia*'s Hand,  
 And that thou wouldst pierce her with wounding

[Dart,

And force her to surrender me her Heart ;  
 Thy Orders I did execute, and I  
 Did pass her Door, and as I passed by  
 I saw a Glimpse of *Silvia* peeping thro'  
 The Christial Glafs, as she was wont to do,  
 Which piercing Sight methought did wound my

[Heart,

And warmer made my Blood thro' ev'ry Part :  
 I gaz'd, and look'd, but gently passing by,  
 And not content, turn'd back again to 'spy ;  
 My Heart did guide my Eyes, I did behold  
 A Charming Female (of the finest Mould)  
 Thro' open Casement, nothing left to screen  
 Her Beauty from my Eyes, not *Fan* between,  
 Nor *Mask* or *Glove*, nor the approaching Night,  
 Nor Foggy Mists, did intercept my Sight :  
 Then I beheld with eager Eyes, and gaz'd ;  
 Like one that's Thunder-struck, I stood amaz'd,  
 And thought it was some Angel from Above,  
 Or that she might the Goddess be of *Love* ;  
 I view'd her Face, examin'd ev'ry Part,  
 And found it had receiv'd no Painter's Art :

Her Face was somewhat Oval, Plump, and Clear,  
 And on her Chin a dimple did appear :  
 Her Cheeks were void of Artificial Red,  
 But were by that of Nature over-spread :  
 Her Lips, her Nose, her Mouth, each had its Grace,  
 And right proportion'd were unto her Face.  
 But Oh ! her Perserating Eyes (which darting Fire)  
 Did raise the Extacy of Love the higher ;  
 They pierc'd my yielding Heart by Magick spray,  
 Lull'd Sense asleep, and bore the Prize away.  
 While I stood gazing on her lovely Face,  
 She turn'd about her Head with such a Grace  
 As would transported *Jove*, had he been there,  
 And made his *Juno* drop a Jealous Tear :  
 Had ridged *Monk*, or strict *Cathusian Fryar*,  
 But seen this Sight, 't had set their Hearts on Fire ;  
 And they'd have thrown aside the sacred Robes,  
 And Cloath'd themselves with Nice and Beauish  
 [ Modes ;

Forsake their Vows, and *Libertines* become,  
 And hazard Banishment from *Christendome*,  
 And for her sake renounce the Church of *Rome*. }  
 Then, how could I do less than Sacrifice ?  
 My Heart to *Silvia's* lovely charming Eyes,  
 Which had the attracting Power to surprize ? }  
 Whilst I thus gaz'd, methought her Eyes did dart  
 Themselves on me, to wound again my Heart :  
 Then I, like *Dedalus*, presum'd to fly  
 With Wings of Love, to mount me up on high ;  
 I lifted up a Foot, and spread my Arms,  
 And thought to fly to her attracting Charms : }

I strove to mount, in vain, but quickly found  
 My Body was too Gross, and on the Ground,  
 In nasty Kennel, where I lay a while,  
 Till peeping up I saw my *Silvia* Smile ;  
 I took it for a Token of her Grace,  
 Which made me nimbly mount from dirty Place ;  
 Then made a Bow, and toss'd my Wig about ;  
 Nay, kiss'd my Hand, and lug'd my *Snuff-Box* out ;  
 I took a Pinch, then made a Pensive Motion,  
 And beat my Breast like *Spaniard* at Devotion :  
 Whilst I thus made these Antick Tricks i'th' Street,  
 She turn'd about, and made a soft retreat.  
 Thus vanish'd from my Sight, I, like the *Dove*,  
 Did mourn the Absence of my wish'd for Love :  
 My Heart receiv'd a Fainting from each Pore,  
 And my poor Body too was seiz'd all o'er  
 With Cold, and Trembling, unaccustom'd Heats,  
 Now Cold as *Ice*, and then with melting Sweats,  
 And all my Frame of Nature seem'd to be  
 Revers'd, and seiz'd with shaking Agony :  
 My Longing, Wishing Eyes o'er-flow'd with Tears,  
 And Panting Heart receiv'd uncommon Fears :  
 And as the *Provis-Rose*, which seems to Mourn,  
 Shuts up its Leaf i'th' Absence of the *Sun*,  
*Silvia*'s retreat on me did work the same,  
 Shut up my Heart in Grief, and tortur'd Pain :  
 I stay'd expecting she'd return again,  
 And gaz'd with Longing Eyes, but all in vain ;  
 For she with-drew herself, as I suppose,  
 To nourish Nature by a soft Repose :

I waited till the wakeful *Watchman* said,  
 Past *Twelve a Clock*; then I went Home to Bed:  
 No sooner was I lay'd, but there arose  
 A mighty Storm, my Rest to discompose;  
 A Sea of Love I found within my Breast,  
 With swelling Billows to disturb my Rest:  
 I then Invok'd the Great and Mighty *Jove*,  
 To cease this Hurricane of Wracking Love:  
 My Senses too, like *Sailers*, play'd their part,  
 Apply'd their Skill, Dexterity, and Art,  
 Then put in use a large *Somnif'rus Pill*,  
 And strove to furl the Main-Sail of my Will.  
 Like *Boatswain*, Pericranium gave Command,  
 And plac'd at the *Helm* a Skillful Hand,  
 Who put his Art in use, but all in vain,  
 Such Surges rose on my disturbed Brain:  
 I roll'd, and turn'd, and toss'd about the Bed,  
 And call'd on thee, Great *Cupid*, too for Aid:  
 Ten thousand times I strove, this tedious Night,  
 To drive her lovely Idea from my Sight:  
 I thought it long *Sol* had obscur'd his Face,  
 And call'd on *Phosphorus* to mend his Pace:  
 I wish'd my self a thousand times to be  
 On *Ætna's* Top, or in the Frozen Sea,  
 Under the Pole, or near the Torrid *Zone*,  
 Among the *Turks*, nay, in the World unknown;  
 Or any where, provided I might be  
 Once more Unchain'd, and set at Liberty:  
 I do confess thou did'st vouchsafe to send,  
 To mitigate my Grief, a Female Friend.

Chear up, good Sir, said she, I understand  
 You want to *Kiss the Lady Silvia's Hand* :  
 Rouze up your *Spirits*, cast your *Sorrows* by,  
 I'll kindly introduce thee to that *Joy* :  
 But let me tell you, Sir, it's my *Affair*  
 To go betwixt a *Kind and Loving Pair* ;  
 And if the *Female's* *Obstinate*, I know  
 How and which way to bring her to your *Bow* :  
 If she be *Stiff*, and *Stubborn* to be bent ;  
 I'll make her *Flexible* by *Argument* :  
 If *Covetous*, I'll let her know that you  
 Are *Prince of Mexico* and *Rich Peru* :  
 If she's *Affective*, then I'll let her know  
 You are a *Great and Celebrated Beau* :  
 If she be *Young*, I'll soon *perswade* her to't ;  
 If *Old*, I'm sure she'll not refuse to do't :  
 If *Beautiful*, present a *Diamond-Ring*,  
 A *Watch* *beset* with *Pearls*, or *such like Thing* :  
 If she's *Devout*, before *observe* her *Motion*,  
 And bear her *Company* to her *Devotion* ;  
 And as you *pass* the *Poor* bestow your *Alms*,  
 And bear a *Chorus* with her, *Singing Psalms* :  
 But if she's *Wanton*, work by other ways,  
 Take her in your *Coach* to see the *Plays* ;  
 Place her *in the Box*, where she affects to *Sit*  
 To be admir'd by the *Beaus* *in the Pit* ;  
 Then *Tavern* Treat her when the *Play* is *done* ;  
 Conduct her to her *House*, and she's your own :  
 And if she's *Rich* and *Wary*, then will I  
 Exert my *Rhetorick*, and will *employ*

My Strongest Arguments to work Perswasion,  
 And Swear, and Lye, when e'er I find Occasion :  
 I'll let her know your Parts, and that you've been  
 Bred up to th<sup>c</sup> Common-Law at Lincolns-Inn ;  
 A sober, solid Youth, of Parts and Worth,  
 A Gentleman of high Extract, and Birth ;  
 Handsome and Young, and fit to yield Delight,  
 And Primo Genitor of Baron-knight :  
 Then know, most Generous Youth, I can perswade  
 A Rich, a Coy, or any sort of Maid ;  
 But when I serve a Youth, like you, of Sense,  
 I do expect to have a Recompence.

By all means ; said I, I stood not long,  
 My Fingers were as nimble as her Tongue :  
 I thrust my Hand in Pocket, and lay'd out  
 Twenty Guineas I think, or there-about :  
 Mistress Crafty, quoth I, be true to me ;  
 See here is something for Detaining Fee.  
 Go on ; Perswade, and when the Work is done,  
 You may expect from me a greater Sum :  
 Her willing Hand was ready to receive,  
 And I as urgent she should take her leave :  
 Away she went, I cry'd God speed the Plow ;  
 Besure speak well of me, as you know how.  
 Yes, yes, said she, and went away in haste ;  
 No Doe was ever seen to run so fast.  
 The Wonder-work Gold, I gave a guesse,  
 Was much addition to her Nimbleness :  
 Then I invok'd again the Mighty Jove,  
 T<sup>c</sup> inspire Silvia's Heart with Ardent Love.

waited with Impatience and Concern,  
 Expecting my Sollicitress's return :  
 At length I saw her coming, then was I  
 Puff'd up with Hopes, transported too with Joy :  
 As soon as shew drew near, I call'd, and said  
 What News ? What Tydings from the Charming  
 [Maid ?

Will she admit of me to Visit her ?  
 Do'st think I may become a Conqueror ?  
 Make haste ; express thy self ; I long to hear :  
 Don't keep me in suspence, 'twixt Hope and Fear.

*Hold, stay rash Youth, said she, first creep, then go,*  
*She's not with so much ease brought to your Bow :*  
*This Night a Publick Ball's kept in the Strand,*  
*Where you may have access to Silvia's Hand.*

Good News ; said I, in Person I'll be there,  
 And please my self with Dancing with my Dear :  
 Then nimbly mounting to my Dressing-Room,  
 And taking from my Trunk a rich Perfume,  
 To Gloves and Handkerchief it was apply'd,  
 Unto my Coat, and other Cloaths beside ;  
 My Breeches too, besprinkled were all o'er,  
 To render me more taking than before :  
 'Cause nothing should appear in me amiss,  
 My Neighbour Tonfor caine and smooth'd my Phiz ;  
 In handsome Rings he Curl'd my Wig all round,  
 And Powder'd it with more than half a Pound ;  
 My Footman too, with rich and costly Lumps  
 Of Orange-Butter, greas'd my Dancing-Pumps ;

My

My Legs were grac'd with *Scarlet*, circled round  
 With *Gold-Galloom*, with Tossels hanging down ;  
 Nor was I Dress'd until my *Sword* was ty'd  
 With rich Embroider'd Zone unto my Side ;  
 Nor was my *Sword* compleat untill the Hilt  
 (Which was of finest *Silver* double Gilt)  
 Was grac'd with *Ribbons*, pendant to my Knee,  
 And bunch'd above, as *A-la-mode Paris* ;  
 Nor did I want my Modern fashion'd *Muff*,  
 Nor *Poynt Cravat* in Pleats like Antient Ruff :  
 I being thus Equip'd, approach'd the *Glass*,  
 And view'd my *Legs*, my *Body*, and my *Face*,  
 And thought there seem'd in me that Mean and Air,  
 And Comely Grace, enough to Charm the Fair :  
 And then retreating from the *Glass*, I heard  
 My *Coachman* call, and Ready was the Word.  
 My *Char'ot* being ready, down I came,  
 And with Activity did mount the same ;  
 Nor did I want a Sett of Links to show  
 The World I was no common sort of Beau.  
 Drive on my Lad, said I, God speed the *Plow* ;  
 She can't Resistance make ; have at her now.  
 No sooner had I gave my Man Command,  
 But it was executed, Whip in Hand ;  
 My *Horses* seem'd as willing to improve  
 Those happy Minutes granted me to Love :  
 They seem'd to Sympathize, and bear a part  
 With me in Love, as if they knew my Heart ;  
 They ran in full Career, and tore along,  
 So forc'd their Passage thro' the mighty Throng,

As if they were possess'd with Jealousie;  
 They threw down all they thought might Rival me.  
*Xanthus* and *Æthon* could no faster run,  
 Who draws the Char'ot of the glor'ous *Sun*:  
 Nor had *Bucephalus* more lofty Pride,  
 Whom mighty *Alexander* us'd to Ride.

Few Moments being pass'd, my Gilded Sphere  
 Which was drove on by Love in full Career)  
 Finish'd that present Course, and came before  
 The wish'd for Place, the celebrated Door;  
 Alighting from my *Coach*, I did presume  
 To move *Gradatim* to the *Dancing-Room*:

*Hopes* led the Van, and order'd *Panick-Fear*  
 To be immur'd with rude *Despair* i'th' Rear:  
 Ent'ring the Room, I look'd about, and saw  
 A Multitude, all Subjects to thy Law,  
 All Bound, and Fetter'd fast by thy Command,  
 Like miserable Captives, Hand to Hand;  
 But yet methought it was a pleasing Sight,  
 To see them hug their Chains with such Delight,  
 Which made me look, and gaze the Room about,  
 And seek to find the Lady *Silvia* out:  
 I view'd each Female's Face, but could not find  
 The Sov'reign Balm for my Distrected Mind,  
 Till at the length my Eyes (by happy Chance)  
 Lov'd towards the Door, and saw her to Advance,  
 Then were my Senses Charm'd to see her Face,  
*Fear* was Cashier'd, and *Hope* possess'd its Place:  
 The *Musick* striking up with Airy Tunes,  
 Both *Boreys*, *Minevees*, and *Regadoons*,

I did presume to touch her lovely Hand,  
 And Swore my self to be at her Command:  
 Madam, said I, let me the Favour crave,  
 That you would Dance with me, your Capti

[Slav]

At which she Blush'd, and Pausing stood a while,  
 Then granted my Demand, and with a Smile:  
 Being thus agreed, we made assay to Dance  
 A Foreign Mineve, 'twas made in *France* ;  
 But *French*, or *Spaniſh*, or from *Italy*,  
*Scotch*, *Dutch*, or *English*, 'twas the same to me:  
 I kept no Time t' th' Tune, nor knew I when  
 To Slip, or Slide, or turn about agen;  
 But still observ'd, and made it all my Care  
 To turn and gaze upon the Charming Fair,  
 Who, like a Goddess, mov'd with such a Grace,  
 Enough to Charm a *Jove*, if in my Place:  
 She kept due time, and did by Judgment move,  
 But my dull Motion still was tim'd by Love;  
 She Danc'd, I follow'd her, till at the length,  
 Tho' Time seem'd short to me, she fail'd of Strength  
 So we betook ourselves unto our Stools  
 To see a Dance perform'd by other Fools.

The *Ball* being at an End, I did presume  
 To wait on *Silvia* to her Lodging-Room:  
 Nor did I fail my Passion to discover,  
 With all the Symptoms of a Wounded Lover:  
 I Sighing, said 'twas she I did adore;  
 I grasp'd her Hand, and Kiss'd it o'er and o'er;

And lug'd it to my Breast, where lay the Pain,  
 Then with Submission kiss'd it o'er again,  
 And Vow'd, and Swore a thousand times to be  
 Servant and Slave to none but only she.  
 My Dear, said I, I humbly do conceive  
 You'll term it Rudeness, if I ask your leave  
 To pay my Visits, now and then to show  
 How much I do to *Love* and *Beauty* Owe.  
 Her Answer favour'd of a Non-Consent ;  
 Yet in her Eyes I read Encouragement :  
 I, like the bold Besieger, then wrought on  
 To raise a Work to plant my Guns upon :  
 I Fortify'd this Work with Eloquence,  
 And drew a Parallel of fair pretence ;  
 My *Gabions* too were fill'd with noble Birth,  
 Not like the vulgar Sort with common Earth ;  
 The *Batt'ries* being rais'd, I did begin  
 To play upon her Eyes, her Lips, and Chin ;  
 Nor would I suffer her to take her Rest,  
 But threw my *Hand-granades* into her Breast ;  
 Yet she repuls'd me thrice, by divers ways,  
 And beat me from the *Horn-Work* of her *Stayes* ;  
 I seeing this, resolv'd once more to try  
 To mollify her Heart, or else to Die ;  
 So I made Tryal of an am'rous Muse,  
 With all the melting Language Poets use ;  
 But yet my Rhimes on her had no effect,  
 I might as well have wrote in *Arabeck* ;  
 I put in use once more my ready Quill,  
 And drew an Abstract of my Father's Will,

Which

Which shew'd I had a Country-House at *Lannum*,  
 Well Tenanted, at Ninety Pounds *per Annum*,  
 Besides another Farm of twice that worth ;  
 I being Heir at Law, it came by Birth,  
 Which I'd instate on her for term of Life,  
 If she'd consent to be my lawful Wife ;  
 That was not all, I'd Goods and Chattels too,  
 With Walks of stately *Oaks* as ever grew :  
 My Gransir *Fox*, Deceas'd, had scrap'd together  
 A good round Sum he'd got by *Tanning Leather* ;  
 His Barns were cram'd with Bark, and left besides  
 A Stock of Hair, and Pits well fill'd with Hides ;  
 With Bonds, and Leases, *Item*, many a Bill ;  
 And all his Worth he left to me by Will :  
 But 'twas in vain to Write of stored Barns,  
 Of Bills, and Bonds, or Mortgages, or Farms,  
 Of stately Promenades, or Country-House,  
 She'd not atall consent to be my Spouse.  
 I Mortgag'd *Lannum* Farm, with all its Grounds,  
 For a Thousand one Hundred and Ninety Pounds,  
 To purchase for her rich and costly Things,  
 As *Jewels*, *Locket*s, *Watch*, and *Diamond-Rings* ;  
 Which she receiv'd, yet this Ungrateful Maid,  
 With whom I was in Love, and thus betray'd,  
 Made no return of Love, but still I found  
 Instead of Ease, the deeper still the Wound ;  
 I then reflecting on the Scorn and Pride  
 Of she I so long Courted for a Bride :  
 Which if possess'd, I might, perhaps, like some  
 Been Crown'd with th' usual marks of Cuckoldom

And be a Subject to her Pride and Scorns,  
 And, *Actæon* like, submit my self to Horns;  
 And forc'd to sneak into a Corner when  
 She Lends my proper Goods to other Men;  
 Nor ask that civil Question, where hast been,  
 Or in what Company have you been in?  
 Nor when she Visits, limit her to time;  
 Or when she Scolds, to say it is a Crime:  
 When she Commands, my Purse must ready be  
 To furnish her with *A-la-mode Paris*:  
 If not, she Frowns, she Pouts, and there's no Peace,  
 And her Out-rag'ous Tongue will never cease,  
 Till *Gold*, the sov'reign Balsam, gives it Ease.  
 These Thoughts broke off the Chains, and set me free  
 From *Love's* commanding Power and Drudgery.

I left the foolish Toy call'd *Love* to those  
 Who for Dame *Venus* hazard loss of Nose.  
 I heard Great *Mars* to call, and I Obey'd,  
 And enter'd Volunteer for *Britain's* Aid;  
 And since which time my Stars have been most kind,  
 And nothing now runs counter to my Mind:  
 Here I live Easy, Uncontroul'd, and Free,  
 And Great *Bellona* seems to favour me:  
 My Lawrels now are Flourishing and Green,  
 And my Deserts are Water'd by the Queen:  
 Here I raise Trophies to Posterity,  
 And those that hear my Fame do honour me:  
 There's no affected Look, no Scring, no Scrape,  
 Nor need of whining Words, or monkey Gape,

No Watch, no Ring, or other glitt'ring Toy,  
 To force Good Humour in a She that's Coy :  
 No Jealous Thoughts do now disturb my Breast,  
 Or fear of her Displeasure curbs my Rest ;  
 No Waiting-Maid to Bribe, or Coach to Pay,  
 Or Seranading Charges to Defray :  
 My Moments sweetly slide away by Night,  
 Whilst sprightly Trumpets charm me with Delight :  
 With Fellow Officers I build a Bowl,  
 Whilst Drums and Musick elevate my Soul ;  
 My Sword's a Spouse more constant than a Bride,  
 And always true and trusty by my Side,  
 It will espouse my Cause, when e'er I meet  
 With Sturdy, Ill-bred Rascals in the Street,  
 And make thy puny Slaves to fly before  
 Its piercing Point, or pin them to the Door.  
 Then who would be thy Slave, I'm sure not I,  
 I'd rather by a Gallick Hand to Die :  
 But I am none, nor will I ever be  
 To such a Mercenary Prince as thee ;  
 Let who will such become, Great *Mars* for me.

THE  
HUMOUR  
OF A  
Country Election.

AT the time of the Year when Cittizens Wives  
Do flock to the *Wells*, to preserve their dear

[Lives]

With Purgative *Salts*, to force them to Pissing,  
And make their Receptacles sweeter for Kissing :  
When their *Buff* colour'd Daughters kept a great

[Pother,

By Urine, to whiten themselves with their Mothers,  
Whilst their Hornify'd Fathers, who love to be stir-

[ring,

Were mounted on *Kephills*, with Whipping and Spur-

[ring,

As fierce as *Knight-Errands*, for none can be bolder  
Than he that's intit'led to be a *Freeholder* ;  
Whilst trotting they were to Counties respective,  
To give in their Votes for the Members Elective,

I at that time did take an Occasion  
 To trudge to a Town in the West of our Nation,  
 For better Sounds sake it is call'd Corporation:  
 Then cocking my Beaver, I boldly did venter  
 To a noble fine Inn, in the great Market's Center,  
 I call'd to the Drawer for *Bread*, and for *Cheese*,  
 Who answering, said, *You may have what you please*.  
 I believe, by your *Garb*, you're a Gentleman bred,  
 So I'll tell you the *Truth*, and no more's to be said:  
 Here's Chickens, and Rabbits, and a delicate Dish  
 Of Venson that's Roasted, and all sorts of Fish;  
 Beer by whole Tuns, and Wine that will *Fox-ye*,  
 Drink if you please untill you are *Bosky*:  
 Sir John and his *Worship* are pleased, this Day,  
 To treat all that comes, and they nothing must pay.

Is it so then, said I, since all Things are *Gratis*,  
 I'll stuff out my *Wem*, my *Paunch* shall have *Satis*:  
 The Drawer I took at first for a *Jester*,  
 Yet nevertheless I tip'd him a *Teaster*.  
 He Smilingly took it, and usher'd me in  
 To a Gluttonous Place, to a Room full of Sin:  
 Such Company sure I never did fall-in:  
 His *Worship*, the *Mayor*, was a *Weaver* by Calling,  
 I thought him a *Lawyer*, he kept such a Bawling:  
 The Aldermen sat most demurely to hear  
 What the Oracle spoke from the Worshipful Chair.

Says he, *This Zur John is a well-spoken Mon*  
*As onny i'th' Country, deny it who con*:

He's woundily Witty ; they zay he did Tauk,  
 In the Parliament-House about Taxing of Chauk :  
 And if it be zo ; then, Neighbours, we must  
 Ne'er buy onny Chauk, nor give onny Trust ;  
 Then Trading will mend, God bless him he spoke on't,  
 But there is zome others, they zay make a Joke on't :  
 They zay he's Low-Church, let um zay what they  
 [please, ]

He's an bonof good Mon ; their Tongues will ne'er cease  
 Till they're brought before me, I'm a Justice of Peace. ]

That's true, honest Brother, quoth Alderman Snobe,  
 Zome People they equalize wou'd us with Job :  
 Let me tell ye, dear Brethren, it is my Zuppinion,  
 There's reason in Roasting an Egg or an Onion :  
 Then who wou'd not give their Voices for zuch Men  
 As are true to the Queen, and woundy good Church-  
 [men :

I love not those Men that do Church it on Zunday,  
 And, Hypocrite like, to a Baudy-House on Monday.  
 No, no, nor I, quoth Old Alderman Tanner,  
 Zatan hath Listed zuch under his Banner.  
 Let me tell ye, there's zome about the great Zitty  
 Of London are Wicked, the more is the pitty :  
 Here's a Health to Zur John, chill gulge it however,  
 And his Worship, the 'Squire, we'll put um together :  
 May they Live, may they Thrive, and prosper for ever ]  
 Bravely perform'd, says the Clerk of the Town,  
 I'll pledge it my self tho' it flies in my Crown.

## The Clerk Sings.

With a Bumper in my Hand,  
 And my Knee to the Ground,  
 And so let this Health  
 Go merrily round.

These are the Men  
 That made us good Laws ;  
 And such Men as these  
 Shall have our Applause.

Long Live the 'Squire,  
 And likewise Zur John ;  
 Drink their Healths,  
 Toss the Glass every one.

Vollow me, vollow me,  
 Do as I have done,  
 Till Wine makes our  
 Vaces shine like the Zun.

The Glasses went round from one to another,  
 With Four in a Hand, and made such a Pother,  
 They with Smoaking and Drinking their Senses }  
 [did smother.] }

Then the Worshipful Mayor took me by the  
 [Hand,  
 Saying, Zur, I presume, and do understand,

That

That you are a Stranger, pray do not refuse,  
At our Request, to tell us some News.

Excuse me, quoth I: *We wont, says a Thatcher;*  
*Uds-zooks we must bear it, says Stick-up the Patcher.*  
Why then, quoth I to the Ignorant Crew,  
I Read in a Paper, it's some time ago,  
That the Muses were fled, and all of them gone  
To dwell at *Parnassus*, and drink *Helicon*;  
I likewise did Read it was five Hours Journey  
From *Tournay* to *Liflē*, and from *Liflē* unto *Tournay*;  
And what was more strange, the *Scheld* and the *Lis*  
Were both seen in *Ghent*, and each other did kiss;  
And a Party of Horse were seen to come over,  
By the help of Cork-Shoes, from *Dunkirk* to *Dover*,  
And that the *Egyptians* were likely to spoil us,  
By stopping with *Pan-Cakes* the River of *Nilus*;  
And that other strange News the same Courier  
[brought,  
How that *Jackets* and *Red-Coats* were Forty a Groat.  
I told them, likewise, 'twas related a *Monday*  
That *L—s* was Grand Pappa to *Burgundy*;  
All this I affirm'd, but had like to've forgot,  
Of a Cursed Design, they talk'd of a Plot.  
Beneath *London-Bridge*, they say there was found  
Ten Barrels of *Oat-Meal*, hid close to the Ground,  
With a Match that was burning, to blow up together  
The *Bridge* and the *Monument*, God knows whether.

Dear Zur, quoth the Mayor, what Mind were they  
[ got in ?

A parcel of Rogues, they'll be Hang'd for their Plotting :  
Besides, let me tell ye, it is of Concern,  
If the Bridge is Blown up, the Houses will burn,  
Plotters, Destroyers, the Devil may Rot um,  
They'll fire the Wooll-Sacks that lie at the Bottom.

Then went a Health round to his Worship's good  
[ Lady,

To the 'Squire his Son, that pretty sweet Baby ;  
Which done, they soon started another Discourse,  
Concerning Cork-Shoes and the Party of Horse,  
But the Vicar approach'd in Canonical Robe,  
Tatter'd and Ragged, an Emblem of Job ;  
He led on the Van of a mighty great Train  
Of Aldermen's Wives, that were Hot in the Brain ;  
To bring up the Rear, the Mayorefs came after,  
For she halted some time to scatter her Water ;  
No more of Cork-Shoes, this ended the matter.

Thus the Vicar began, with Learned Oration,  
To state out the Case of the Church and the Nation ;  
I never like Men which carry two Faces ;  
They're like unto Mules, half Horses, half Asses ;  
They're Hetrogenus, and unfit to Breed on,  
Nor worthy the Meat or Drink that they Feed on ;  
Or like London Scullers, the more is the pity,  
That Look at White-Hall, and Row to the Citty :

And

And must such Men as these I mention be Chosen,  
 Whose Hearts are a Melting, and whose Tongues are  
 [Frozen;

Decriped and Old, their Vigour is gone :

What say you, good Women, are you for Sir John?

Or his Worship the 'Squire, who broke his Wife's Nose,

And abandons her Bed, and will buy her no Cloaths;

Nay, he beat his Cook-Maid for Kissing in Lent;

Shall Sir John or the 'Squire to London be sent?

I advise the contrary, and so does my Clerk,

And our Neighbour the Farmer that dwells in the Park:

What think ye of Choosing Sir Christopher Prim?

He's a Proper Young Man, give your Voices for him;

And Sir Pimlico Court-all, to tell you the Truth,

He's a Noble, a Sprightly, and Generous Youth:

So he is, says a Woman, upon my dear Life;

Tho' I am but Poor, and a Cobler's Wife,

As he pass'd down the Street, though I thought he had

[miss'd me]

He Smilingly came, and Obligingly Kiss'd me;

He always has been to my Husband a Friend,

He sent him an Old Pair of Boots for to Mend;

And the very first time he came to the Town,

For a Pair of Heel-Pieces he gave him a Crown,

For which very reason you well may suppose,

I'll do what I can that he may be Chose,

And Curse of all them that do him Oppose.

Then Mrs. May'res did an Occasion  
 To belch forth, with Hiccups, her Female Oration,

Neighbour

*Neighbour Jordan, said she, I plainly do tell ye,  
My Husband one time kick'd me on the Belly,  
Because that I aver'd, that Sir Pimlico Prim  
Was a Generous Gentleman, Gallant and Trim :  
I suppose that his Worship, my Lie-by, is Jealouse,  
Because that he catch'd him with me at an Ale-House ;  
Be it so ; be it not ; I care not a Fart,  
He shall give him his Vote, or I'll tear out his Heart.*

*Thus Alderman Pinch-Belly's Wife did begin  
To give her Advice, first cocking her Chin,  
Neighbours, said she, then clinching her Fist,  
They're gallant Young Gentlemen sure as e'er Fist :  
Sir John and the 'Squire sure never shall have  
A good Word from me, nor the Vote of my Slave :  
If fumbling Wife-Beaters to London are sent,  
For want of Young Men, then I'll be content  
That my Husband be Chose ; his Qualifications,  
And Title's as good as most in the Nation.*

The Women then swore, by the Truncheon of  
[ *Mart* ]

*That if any Old Cuckold should hang back an Arse,  
And not give his Vote for such gallant Young Men  
That cou'd pleasure the Women again and again,  
They'd Drub the Old Hides of such Cuckoldly Coxcombs,  
Make Scoops of their Shanks, like those made of  
[ *Ox Bones* ]*

*Bore Holes in their Sculls, and cut off their Tails,  
And turn them a-drift to the Mountains of Wales.*

Says the Worshipful *Mayor*, and Alderman *Tanner*,  
that than treated we'll be in this manner,  
to keep our *Skins whole*, and preserve our dear *Lives*,  
the both will submit, and agree with our *Wives*.  
The rest said the same, and swore they wou'd do it.  
men, says the *Clerk* and *Vicar* unto it.

---

A

A

LETTER

TO HIS

Kinsman, Mr. W. B.

*Me Fortuna Rotæ extrema sub Parte locavi  
si libet hanc Tabulam despice Major ero.*

SIR,

I Presume, that the above Distick may be very applicable to my present Circumstances; for when I had the Honour to see you last, Dame Fortune had reduced me to the lowest Spoke of Extremity, she knit her Brows, and contracted her Forehead into Wrinkles, insomuch that in her Face appear'd all the Symptoms and Surly marks of ill-Humour: But she having somewhat refresh'd herself with soft Repose, there appears now a more mild and gentle Temper. Though I can't as yet obtain a Smile from her, yet she has been pleased to place me at the Stern of her

Chariot;

chariot; but it moves so slowly, and I at too great Distance from the Horses, and my Whip too short to reach them, which gives me to believe, that it will be an Age before my proper Spoke can be advanced one Degree higher, unless some considerate Friend will smite the Beasts, and make the motion swifter.

It's true, Dame *Hope* has buz'd your Name in my Ear, and buoy'd me up with Expectation, that you will not forget me when an Opportunity shall serve; my Will, till then, shall be subservient to my Reason, and give a Bill of Divorce to *Discontent*, and endeavour to satisfie my self with what my Stars have decreed.

I cannot divine what the *Fates* have in Store for me, but I hope 'tis something Extraordinary; for Poets, I must own, commonly fancy themselves to be Rich and Wise, when (in reality) they are otherwise. Upon a second Thought, I wish I mayn't be born under the same Planet with Don *Quixot*, whose Knightarrantship's Noddle fancy'd *Windmills* to be *Ladies*, the *Sails* to be *Furbelow'd Petticoats*, and the Ports of *Enterance* the *Center of Happiness*.

I have often thought to Consult the Oracle of our *London Preditors*; but now (to my Comfort) those wherof fancies are evaporated, since my Landlady told me they were a Pack of *Deluding, Maid Couzening, Servante Trapanning, Fool Catching Rascals*; nay, into short, she now entertains no good Opinion of any of them, except Dr. *Partridge*, to whom she ascribes the Title of *Pam*, or the *Knave of Clubs*.

Dear

Dear Sir,

I only wish my self now in the Country, with a Bottle of your Stafford-Ale in one Hand, and Glaſs in the other, and a Lawyer ready with his *Callamus & Atramentum*, to affign over part of some Body's Estate to me and my Heirs for ever, then should I be happy, leave off Scribbling, and all knowledge my self for ever,

Sir,

Your most Humble Servant,

And Kinsman,

T. R.

A

LETTER  
FROM AN  
Engineer in *FLANDERS*  
TO HIS  
Mistress in *LONDON.*

*Madam,*

R. THIS is now the fourth time I have summon'd you to Write me an Answer to my former Epistles. I am now set down before the strong Town of *Tournay*. I believe it will rob us of a great deal of Time, Men, and Money, before we can be possess'd of that Fortress: Nevertheless, you may assure your self, as soon as it falls into our Hands, I shall make bold to lay close Siege to your Cittadel, howsoever Fortified.

If you have ten thousand Charms I have as many Compliments at my Command: I am a Man of Honour, and so much Generousity, as to let you know

know on which Side I shall attack you, though contrary to the Rules of War. If I break Ground the first Night, though it be with the Expence of some Blood, I shall value that no more than a *Templer* does an *Oyster-Woman*, or an *Hackny-Writer* does Engrossing *Bills* at Nine Pence per *Skin*. If I have but the good Luck, when I attack the Horn-Work of your *Stays*, as not to suffer a Repulse, I shall then, with more Courage, place my *Digites* upon your two *Demi-Bubblyunes*, which will enable me to force the Counterscarp of your *Hoop-Petticoat*; Batter the *Stockades* of your *Gambrils*, the *Pallisades* of your *Toes*; make a Breach in your *Curtell* with my *Culverin*; pass your *Foffee* o'er the *Gallery* of your *Affections*; force you to Beat a *Chamade* of *Love*, and yield your self a Prisoner at my Discretion.

T. C.

T H E

# THE TRIANGULAR INFECTION.

There is three sorts of Vermin that Infect our Troops Abroad, viz. the *Regimental-Doctors*, the *Clerks*, and the *Corporals*.

The *Doctors* are commonly such as have serv'd a Year or two to *Glister-Pipe*, *Bum-Peeping Apothecaries*, but being weary of using the *Pestle* and *Mortar*, or Grating of *Rubarb*, (for they are generally possess'd with as much of the Spirit of *Idleness* as a *Spaniard*) or, perhaps, some of them having contracted a Dram or two too much of *Familiarity* with their Female Fellow Servants, are forced to slip aside, and move their Bodies with an *Actio Voluntatis, et Necessitatis*, or an *Hab&as Corpus* to *Flanders*; and when there, set in Defiance the *Overseers* of the Parish, and value a Justice of the Peace's Warrant (which shall direct to take him up, to give Security for a Little Thing about the Magnitude of a *Bastard*) no more than a *Miller* does a *Maiden-head*, or a *West-Country Clothier* a *Gonse-Turd*. But if they can get to *Flanders*, all's well. They seldom fail of making Friends to be *Plaister-Spreaders* in the Hospitals; and when they have had the Opportunity of seeing half a Dozen poor Fellows Legs and Arms cut off, then,

H

Forsooth,

Forsooth, they must be Dubb'd *Doctors*, when, in reality, they understand *Phyfick* to the same Perfection as a *Cat* does a *Fiddle*, or a *Scotch Nightingale* a *Bag-Pipe*.

Such *Doctors* as these, as I treat of, are generally Masters of the particular Faculty of Deceiving the Ignorant; and can Discourse, with a great deal of Assurance, of the Nature of *Turpet Mineral*, *Mercuri dulcis*, *Balsamum Capivict.* &c. and their Non-parallel Operations, concerning *Astringents*, *Laxations*, *Hard-boudinations*, *Circulations*, *Vibrations*, *Salivations*, *Excoriations*, *Scaldations*, *Urinations*, with a thousand more of these ations than are to be found in *Littleton's Dictionary*: They may fitly be call'd *Solimites*, because they prescribe only one sort of *Phyfick* for all Distempers, that's a *Vomit*.

If a Man has bruis'd his Elbow, *Take a Vomit*, says the Doctor. If you are troubled with *Corns*, *take a Vomit*. If he has torn his Coat, *Idem*. For the *Jaundice*, *Fevers*, *Flux*, *Gripes*, *Gout*, *Stone*, *Pox*; nay, even the Distempers that only the famous Dr. *Tuff* cures, as the *Hocogruckles*, *Marthambles*, the *Moon-paul*, and the *Strong-fives*, a *Vomit, tantum*.

It's true, they have an Opportunity of improving themselves; they may kill at their Pleasure, without being afraid of a *Grand-Jury*, and need not be any more in fear of a *Halter* than I am of a New Suit of *Cloaths*. Since God has bless'd us (as I hope) with a Lasting-Peace, there will be no more Work for these Verinins. Therefore, I wish I could advise them, first to become *Roman-Catholicks*, and then Transport themselves to the utmost Confines of *Hungaria*, and Exercise their Art among the Enemies of the *Christian Religion*, and then they need not doubt of having a *Dispensation*, and *Plenary Indulgence* *Gratis*, from

from his *Holiness*, which may make a sufficient Attorne-  
ment for all the Injuries and Injustice done to their  
Country-men. But, on the contrary, I am very much  
afraid they will scatter themselves, like *Locusts*,  
broughout all the Corners of Her Majesty's King-  
dom, the Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick*  
As upon *Tweed*: Then, *Libera nos Domine*, we shall hear  
of nothing but destroying of People by *Vomitation*,  
from *Dan* even to *Bersheba*, by these *Spurious*, *In-  
trouaching*, *Bum-Peeping*, *Tag-Rag*, *Assifætida*, *Glyster-Pipe  
Doctors*.

A Broken *Exciseman*, a Threadbare *Lawyer*, a *Soli-  
citor*, a *Tally-Man*, a *Minter*, or an *Alsatian*, are excel-  
lent Qualifications to entitle a Man to be *Clerk of a  
Troop*; for they must, of Necessity, be Men of sharp  
Wit, and ripe Understanding, and must understand  
*Arithmetick* perfectly well; but in particular the  
Rule of *Multiplication*; and if there is any one among  
them that is quallified in the *Juggler's Art*, as out  
of One to make Two, out of Two to make Three, he  
may then be invested with the Title of *Magister Artis  
Clericorum*. A *Change Broker* is a meer *Tom-doodle* to  
him, for he only gains his single Brokeridge, when  
this *Catterpiller* is so ripe in Busines, that he can get  
Brokeridge upon Brokeridge, and the Devil and all  
for All that passes through his Hands. For the  
Reader may take Notice, that a *Trooper* has Occa-  
sion for a great many little Utensils to fit him out  
to Camp, and if he has play'd the ill-Husband, then  
he may assure himself Mr. *Clerk* has a noble Action  
against him; for he's not at all ashame'd, when he  
Pays a Debt for him, (to his Landlord) to stand  
hard for a bit of *Carrot*, and Bargain as Cheap as he  
can, telling him, *It's a long time for him to Trust till  
Winter, and the Trooper may be Kill'd, or Die Natu-  
rally, and then, Landlord, how will you come at your  
Debt?* It must of course be lost. However, if you'll take

so much, I'll run these hazards my self. So the *Alldropping Owl* is gull'd into an Opinion of looſing the Debt, and, rather than he'll stand any Hazard or trust to the Mercy of the Balls, he suffers himſelf to be Noos'd, and takes what *Mr. Clerk* is pleased to give him, that, perhaps, may be three Fourth; if it ſo, the *Clerk* has been too honest for this Infipiel Tool of a Landlord, that had forgot it was Order'd by the Governour, that all Quarters ſhould be Pay'd. However, the *Clerk* has his Fourth ſafe, and puts it in a Pocket by it ſelf; for Money go this way is reserv'd for a particular Use; that is when he can find a fit Opportunity, he'll Visit the Quarters at the Left of the Line, because he hath more Money than *Honesty*. But I had like to have forgot to let you know, that the *Trooper*, whose Debts are ſo Pay'd, muſt allow an extravagant Interest, likewife, for the uſe of the *Troop's Money*, though ſtop'd Weekly from him too: He muſt not Grumble, for fear the *Clerk* ſhould fright him with the terrible Name of *Provost*. So you ſee the poor *Cavilier* is ſerved with a *Super-nideas Writ*, and forc'd to Mortgage his *Subſtance* till the Debt is Discharged.

They have a hundred pretty ways of catching these Gentlemen of the Horse: They have *Contingencies*, *Abſtract* upon *Abſtract*, by which they Extra-  
do enough to Distract any one that is once got into their Debt: For if a Man don't understand *Flemmifh Accompts*, or these *Abſtracts*, perfectly well, he is Bit as ſure as ever Sir *William Waller* kill'd *Wat Tyler* with a Dagger.

I hope the Reader don't mistake me, I do not accuse all *Clerks* in general with these unjust Actions, for, to my certain Knowledge, there is a great many Worthy and Honest Gentlemen that possess this Office.

Office; but for the most part, they are such as have  
All Commission, or a Warrant Tack'd to their Clerk-  
ship.

and

him I wish I could perswade my Fellow Soldiers to  
pleaake use of Dr. Reason's Eye-Water; it will clear  
their Eye-Sight wonderfully, (if they'll keep them-  
selves out of Debt) otherwise they'll be forc'd to  
Owear Spectacles in a little time, if they give Opi-  
opportunity to these *Caterpillars* to devour a great part  
safes their Subsistance to stuff their Greedy, Infatuated,  
gomerenary, and Brandy-swilling Paunches.

it is

This last sort is the *Corporals*, and, I must confess,  
ha have more Charity for them than either of the two  
ha former. They are commonon such as have a great  
ho seal more *Impudence* than *Honesty*, and more *Pride*  
t In han Money; and cannot be rightly quallified unless  
neyhey can Order a Man upon Duty when it is none  
not his Tour, and at the same time Dispute his own  
with the fourth part of a Minute; and as well skill'd  
poon the Art of *Flattery*, as if they had been bred up  
orc't Court; Fawn upon their *Commanders* like *Spaniel*  
Dif Dogs, and must not dare, in the least, to seem to Con-  
tradicte their Officers Opinions in the most Reason-  
ble and Perspicuous Matters. They must know

hing the Age of a Horse to a quarter of an Hour, and as  
ntinell by his Tail as his Teeth; either them or their  
traffHorses must be Sick, or Lame, on a *Forraging-Day*,  
intend never Work themselves if they can perswade  
mijthers to do it for them: It's likewise highly neces-  
sary that they understand Horse Physick, and, with  
Woolfy Words, Order a Trooper's Gelding a Drink  
or two when he Ails nothing; this he must do when  
he has some particular Pique against the Rider; he  
t auctust Drub the Men to Prayers in the Front, and  
onsun (at the same time) himself in the Rear to the  
mattlers, to stuff his ungodly Gut with *Geneva*, and  
this  
fice

must be diligent to watch when a *Safeguard* comes in with his Pockets well Lin'd, and must not fail of giving him the first Compliment, with, *You're Welcome to the Camp*; and, *I wish you had stay'd longer*; when at the same time this *Parrasite* is more than ordinarily glad to see him, and is ready himself to hold the *Stirrup* while he Dismounts, and hurries him with Expedition to the *Sutlers*; and scorns to Order a Gentleman that's so well quallified for his Company upon any Duty, till he has Suck'd him as dry as a *Stock-Fish*, or a Bundle of *Sulphur-Primes*, and is then exempted from the fear of drilling Holes in his Pockets with the Ponderity of his *Darby*.

Then Monsieur *Corporal*, being a quick Sighted Gentleman, without the help of *Glass-peepers*, can find out his Name in the *Duty-Roll*: He may then Ride to the Devil, if he pleases, for his Money wont detard his Journey. He must have this Quallification likewise, that is, he must diligently enquire who is remiss in coming to the *Barrucks* in a Morning; for those that are wanting in that Duty he may assure himself was Drunk over Night, then he must not fail of attacking him for his Drunken Groat, for he has a good President for it from *Corporal Dirty*.

Though he Curries his own Horse but twice in a Campaign, he must not fail of seeing the Troopers Beast kept as clean as a Lady's *Lap-Dog*. He must look upon himself to be a Man of Sense, since he's Dubb'd *Corporal*, tho' the whole Regiment knew him to be otherwise, till he had that minute the Title bestow'd upon him; he must Huff and Strut, and be posseſſ'd with as much Vain-Glory, as ever did the Mayor of *Queenborough* when Togated, and carry'd from the Council-House, in a Chair, by a *Fisher-Man* and a *Thatcher*, and Huza'd by a Mob of stinkin

stinking *Tarpaulins*, *Aldermen's Wives* and *Daughters*.

O yes, O yes, O yes, If any Man, in City, Town, or Country, hath a Desire to become a *Corporal*, let him first take to himself a Handsome Wife, and endeavour to possess himself of these Qualifications aforesaid, and he need not doubt of being made *Under-Officer*, or *Corporal* of a Troop of Horse.

*From Doctors which prescribe their Pills,  
Which never Cures, but often Kills :*

*From Clerks who do abstract our Pay,  
Converting it another Way :*

*From Corporals that are Parrasites,  
Who do possess their Betters Rights :*

*From all these Three per Nomine,  
Libera nos O Domine.*

# TICKLER :

## OR THE

# FAVOURITE.

MUST I be banish'd from your lovely Arms,  
 And not admitted to behold your Charms?  
 Must I spin out my Days in Pensive Grove,  
 There tell the *Savage Herd* 'tis you Love?  
 Shall I be fetter'd always with Despair,  
 Or breath out your Perfections to the Air?  
 Will Beauty ne'er admit of my Return,  
 Or must I thus in Love for ever burn?  
 Witness, ye Gods, tho' in Captivity,  
 I carve your Name upon each lofty Tree.  
 Shall I no more adore your Charming Brows,  
 Or ne'er be suffer'd to perform my Vows?  
 Have you forgot your Oaths, or have you Swore  
 Never to Love, or to Admit me more?  
 Or rather tell me, did you Love in Jest,  
 Or is Mankind the Thing you do detest?  
 Your Minion *Lap-Dog* happier is than me;  
 Must he my *Rival*, and your *Fav'rite* be?

Oh!

Oh ! cursed Stars that have decreed this Fate,  
 That Man shou'd be the only Thing you hate.  
 Base Woman-kind, give Reasons, if you can,  
 Why thou shouldst love a Beast, and spurn at Man:  
 If *Tickler's* from your Sight, what Noise you make,  
 And Howl, and Cry, and all for *Tickler's* sake:  
 When Gorg'd too much, if he refuse his Meat,  
 You Sympathize with him, and cannot Eat ;  
 He lies upon your Lap, there Jumps and Plays,  
 And Snudges down his Nose within your Stayes;  
 Then springs up to your Face, there Licks and Paws,  
 Whilst your fair Cheeks do press his nasty Jaws:  
 He runs between your Legs, and flirts about  
 His shucky Tail, then Instantly runs out.  
 What freedom he enjoys with you in Bed,  
 He grabbles to your Breast, you stroak his Head ;  
 He Sleeps within your Arms, and all your Care  
 Is fled and vanish'd, if your *Tickler's* there.  
 Monster in Nature, how can you repose  
 With this foul four Leg'd Creature Nose to Nose?  
 But stay my Muse, *Corinda* may reclaim,  
 Forget her Fav'rite, hug me once again :  
 If so, I'm bless'd, if not, my Hopes are vain.

## Surgit Post Nubila Phæbus.

IN my Minority I thought Mankind  
 A present Remedy to Ease the Mind,  
 Gentle and Courteous, nay, a pretty Toy,  
 In whom I thought consisted Womens Joy.  
 Arriving to the Age of Ten and Three,  
 I fondly wish'd some Youth wou'd fancy me:  
 Then Nature plump'd my Breasts, I, over-joy'd,  
 Did think my self Mature to be a Bride;  
 I us'd all Arts, as other Maidens do,  
 To charm the Beaus, and to allure them too:  
 Sometimes I Ogled, then again was Shy,  
 I Sung, I Danc'd, and all for a Decoy;  
 But nothing wou'd prevail, no Man push'd on,  
 Till I arriv'd to th' Age of Twenty One;  
 Then came a charming Youth, who Vow'd & Swore  
 I was the only she he did adore,  
 And spoke of Joys I never heard before.

He squeez'd my Hand, whilst my soft Cheeks he  
 [press'd

With softer his, and hug'd me to his Breast;  
 Then cast his Arms about my slender Waste,  
 And Sighing, said, *My Dear, I long to taste*  
*That matchless, immense Bliss, the Nuptial Joy,*  
*That you and I shall feel in sacred Tye:*

Then

Then do, dear charming Soul, yield thy Consent  
To be my Bride, and crown me with Content,  
Since you are she on whom my Passion's bent.

His soft Expressions did Impression make  
On my warm Heart, I lov'd for loving-sake;  
I found my Soul inflam'd within my Breast,  
Ravish'd with Inward Bliss, supremely bless'd,  
Love rode Triumphant, I with him comply'd  
(Would Parents give Consent) to be his Bride.

The Youth was much afraid at first to ask,  
But Love prevail'd, and he perform'd the Task:  
He might as well have crav'd of Mighty Jove  
To banish from his Throne the God of Love;  
Or might have made himself, with equal Ease,  
The Grand Commander of the Earth and Seas;  
Or, Joshua like, have bid the Sun stand still,  
Or make the Stars be subject to his Will:  
My rigid Sire no Consent would give;  
My Mother answer'd too i'th' Negative:  
Then drown'd in Tears, most Pensively I sat,  
I Sigh'd, I Sob'd, and Curs'd my cruel Fate;  
And thus I spent my Time till Thirty One,  
When Beauty was defac'd, and Youth was gone;  
Then I became the Scorn of all Mankind,  
Amongst their Sex I could no Favour find;  
None cast their Eyes on me, all were afraid  
To touch me, Superanuated Maid:  
As Marriners avoid the Rocks and Sands,  
Or conquer'd Armies fly pursuing Bands,

Or

Or as Mankind the *Basilisk* do shun,  
 A *Toad*, a *Viper*, or a *Scorpion*,  
 So I was thought by all their Sex the same,  
 Who do detest that antiquated Name :  
 The *Scoffs* and *Jeers* from Youth I did endure,  
 Till *Sol* had run his Course near ten times more ;  
 Then all the *Clouds* of Hate themselves dispers'd,  
*Cupid* struck Home, and Fortune was revers'd ;  
 My Planet govern'd in its proper Sphere ;  
 I Joy'd to find my Stars propitious were.  
*Cupid*, that dear, and charming, Purblin'd Boy,  
 Smote a kind Youth, which I embrac'd with Joy :  
*Hymen* was kind, performing all his Rites,  
 And then, O then came on the happy Nights :  
 He Hug'd, he Clasp'd, and Rifled me all o'er,  
 Such Joys, such Bliss, I never felt before :  
 Securely in my Harbour he doth Ride,  
 Whilst Love will not admit an Ebbing-Tide :  
 Dear, charming Youth, he fathoms in the Deep,  
 Then throws the Lead again, and so to Sleep :  
 When I awake he's Anchor'd in my Arms,  
 Tho' he's Repos'd, I feel some secret Charms :  
 I Sigh, I Kiss, and gently rub his Eyes,  
 Which rouzes him, then he compleats my Joys :  
 How happy is that she which knows a Man,  
 Tho' his short Life is termed but a Span ;  
 Yet in that little Measure still we find  
 Something to Ease, and Please a Woman's Mind.

Curs'd be the times in which I was a Slave  
 To Expectation, yet could nothing have ;

Oh !

Oh ! cruel Parents, Twenty Years ago  
You might let me have known what now I know :  
I griev'd each Night, and Daily pin'd in vain,  
Whilst cruel you my Lover did disdan :  
But now the Sweets o'th' Marriage-Bed I Taste,  
I'm happy now, since sultry Clouds are past,  
And Phæbus Darts his Beams on me at laft.

---

THE

## THE

## Long Vacation.

What dreadful grating Word is that I hear,  
 Which strikes my trembling Soul with Pan-  
 [nick Fear ?

Hath Goddess *Flora* left her Rosey-Bed,  
 And *June* begun to shrink and hide her Head?  
 Are all my Pleasures past, since now comes on  
 The *Lawyers* Plague, the *Long-Vacation*?  
 Must I now pinch my Guts, by sneaking Ways,  
 And like a Vagrant Live for Sixscore Days?  
 Must I, instead of *Claret*, Guzzle *Beer*,  
 And, *Taylor* like, become a *Gareteer*?  
 Must *Watch* and *Ring* to Pawn? Shall I no more  
 Be bleſſ'd, in *Drury-Lane*, with Madam *Whore*?  
 Must my best Suit be sent to *Monmouth-Street*,  
 And all my Friends from me Retreat?  
 Shall my penurious Patience thus be try'd,  
 And when I ask for Credit be deny'd?  
 Must *Dyer's Reports*, in Folio, go to Rack,  
 And Captivated be for *Toast* and *Sack*?

Must

Must I part with *Instructor Clericalis*;  
 And sell my *Institutio Legalis*,  
*Modus inhandi cum multisq; alijs?*  
 Or shall I gorge, and make my self a Glutton,  
 Eat *Cook* 'on *Littleton* instead of *Mutton*?  
 And must those Well-Fed Jaws appear as thin  
 As his that's Salivated for his Sin,  
 And Belly hide it self e'er Term begin?  
 No: By my Wits I other Means will try;  
 Young *Templer's* Cast-off Suits to Sell and Buy;  
 Then I shall Live, or know the Reason why:  
 Or else, perhaps, I'll Filtch at *Evening-Lecture*,  
 Or may usurp the Name of some *Projector*;  
 Frequent the *Temple* where such Bites do walk,  
 And Buy or Sell Estates by only Talk,  
 And so take in some Senseless Country Putt,  
 With *Peck* and *Booz* to stuff my ravenous Gut:  
 And if that fails, my Copious Brains shall search  
 To find a Place where I may safely Perch.  
 At *Newgate*, or some other County-Goal,  
 And for a Crown set up for Common-Bail  
 For Thieves, for Rotten Bauds, or Publick Whores,  
 Or such as can't Discharge their Tavern Scores,  
 Women with Child, Shop-lifters any sort,  
 Or those that do to *Tally-Men* resort.  
 If this way will not do, I'll try another;  
 Forswear my self to Hang my Friend, or Brother;  
 Forge Bills, or Bonds, turn Bully, stand the Cuff,  
 Fright puny Culls by Swearing; then I'll Huff;  
 Marry a Servant who has Wages due,  
 Spend all she has, and then I'll Strip her too:

Impeach

Impeach the *Quartern-Pots* for being short,  
 Then *Basket-Women* all will Thank me for't;  
 Write *Grub-Street* News, or make my self a Lyar,  
 By framing Subjects for the noted *Dyer*.

Thus will I Live, and never will be Sober,  
 Untill the Three and Twentieth of October;  
 The Law I'll follow then, whilst I'm *a vivo*,  
 And Huff at all poor Fools, *dum vivo Tbrivo*.

---

T H E

## THE

## Inhuman Mother.

Dear Madam, in my Infancy  
 You always had regard for me:  
 No glittering, pretty, Childish Toy  
 Was e'er deny'd to me, your Boy;  
 You call'd me Child, I you *Mamma*;  
 You term'd your Husband my *Pappa*;  
 With *Bread* and *Butter* in my Hand  
 I went to *School* at your Command;  
 When Greater grown, to improve my Knowledge,  
 You car'd for me at *Eaton Colledge*;  
 But 'cause my Wit shou'd Pregnant be,  
 You made a *Lawyer's Clerk* of me:  
 My Duty was too short, I own,  
 To you, when I was Riper grown;  
 I ought to've ask'd your Leav<sup>•</sup> when I  
 Did sign the Matrimonial Tye;  
 For your Consent, without all doubt,  
 Had been more proper than without:  
 But yet the sacred Bonds of Love,  
 It's said, are Seal'd in Heaven Above;  
 Then how could I Resistance make?  
 I took her for the Signet's sake,

Had

Had *Cupid* thrown within my Arms  
 A Maiden full of Golden Charms ;  
 Or had an Heiress been my Mate,  
 And brought me to a good Estate,  
 I do presume, dear Mother, you  
 Had ne'er insisted on your Due,  
 But had Forgave, and Blefs'd us too.

My Dear *Belinda*, I confess  
 Was poor, a harmlesſ Shepherdess,  
 Yet ſhe had ſomething in her Eyes  
 That charm'd my Soul, to my ſurprize,  
 Then who *Belinda* cou'd Despife ?

Be gone ! moft curſed *Poverty*,  
 To thy curſ'd Race and Progeny ;  
 Center thy ſelf on *Africk's* Shore,  
 Be Scorch'd, be Burnt, be Known no more :  
 Fly to the *Alpian* Hills, there dwell,  
 Or let Mount *Ætna* be thy Hell :  
 Let *Northern* Climate be thy Station,  
 Or in ſome far more Barren Nation,  
 Be loaded with ſome Maffy Weight,  
 To keep thee from *Belinda's* Gate,  
 By deludging, or ſinking thee  
 I'th' Ocean, or th' *Ægean* Sea.  
 Fly to the Mount'noſ parts of *Wales*,  
 Or dwell i'th' barren Rocks and Dales :  
 I'th' unkown World do thou remain ;  
 Be gone ! ne'er ſee my Face again.

And

And thou, curs'd *Pride*, did'st bear a part  
 To steal from me my Mother's Heart,  
 By swelling in her Breast with Scorn  
 Against a Maid from Shepherds Born.  
 Base Wretch ! thou told'st her I was Wed  
 To nought except a Maiden-head,  
 Which made my Parents to disown  
 That I, their Off-spring, was their Son.  
 Most cursed thing ; thou root of Evil,  
 Thou Off-spring of the aspiring Devil,  
 Fly to some haughty Monarch's Court,  
 Where those that Worship thee resort,  
 Sow there thy Soul destroying Seeds,  
 Which base Degeneracy breeds :  
 Fly to the *South*, and there remain  
 Under some Cobbler's Cloak in *Spain* ;  
 Or steer thy Course to *Italy*,  
 There swell the Breast of *Papacy* ;  
 Visit the Whore of *Babylon*,  
 And spur up Persecution ;  
 Make thy Abode, when thou'st done this,  
 For ever in the deep *Abyss*.

And you, dear Mother, do forgive  
 This Crime in me, and let me live ;  
 Draw from your Child the afflicting Rod,  
 As you trust in a Pard'ning God :  
 He will Obliterate greater Crimes,  
 Forgive you Seven and Seventy times.

My Dear *Belinda*, Harmless she,  
 Commits no Fault in Loving me,  
 Witness, Oh ye Powers Above,  
 It's only she I ought to love.  
 Then why can't you be reconcil'd ;  
 Own me your Son, and her your Child ?  
 Old *David* cry'd for *Abfalom*,  
 And lov'd a wild, rebellious Son ;  
 For Joy a tender Father mourn'd,  
 When from the Swine his Child return'd ;  
 He Wept, and Kiss'd him o'er and o'er,  
 Received him, tho' returning Poor,  
 And kill'd for him the Fatted Beast,  
 And made his Wellcome Son a Feast,  
 And with a loving tender Voice,  
 Did bid his Friends with him rejoice :  
 But if your Love's to me revers'd,  
 Be Mute, don't let me be accurs'd  
 By she that bore me ; how can you  
 Deny your Love, and Blessing too ?  
 But yet, if neither I can gain,  
 Nor one kind Look from you obtain,  
 Or Parent's Favour on me shine,  
 Yet still *Belinda* shall be mine :  
 I'll hug my self in what I've done,  
 If I am Spurious, I'm your Son.

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# THE QUACK.

**M**Y Name is Don *Paracelsus de Curiandi*, I Live at the Sign of the *Pestle and Morter* in *Glister-Pipe-Lane*, near *Bolus-Alley*; my Busines, in this famous Nation, is to let my Fellow Christians know the excellent Qualifications of my Medicines, which I Sell to the Rich, but Give away Gratis to the Poor.

*Imprimis*, Is there any Old Women amongst you, who are trouble with the *Pimple-Pamplins*, whose Skin is too short for their Bodies, that they cannot Sleep for Farting. See, here is my *Antipampastick Powder*; or my *Sovereign Carminick*, which discharges *Ventiferous Humeurs*, of what kind soever, and will reduce you to soundness of Body in the Twinkling of a *Hobby-Horse*.

Then see, here is my *Balsamum Stobule Swordum*, or an Oyntment that's good against all Cuts, green or canker'd Wounds. Now, suppose any Honest Man amongst you has Hurt, or Cut himself with either *Sword*, *Gun*, or *Musket*, *Spit*, *Jack*, or *Grid-Iron*, *Glass Bottle*, or *Pint-Pot*, by the Help and Application of this my Celebrated *Balsam*, they are immediately cur'd, without giving themselves the Trouble of sending for an Illiterate Surgeon, who will

sooner cleanse their Pockets of its Money, than the Wounds of its Infection.

Then here is my *Unguentum Cataphon*; or, an Oyntment that's good against all *Strains*, *Sprains*, or *Bruises*. Now, suppose any honest Farmer amongst you has Strain'd, or Sprain'd his *Legs*, *Arms*, or *An-cles*, by over Lifting himself at a *Gate-Post*, or *Barn-Door*, *Dung-Pot*, or *Cart-Wheel*, or has got a Fall from a *Hay-Rick*, or a *Barley-Mow*, by the Application of this my *medicating Unguent*, being properly us'd by Friction, and by the Hand of a Maid of Fifteen, you need not doubt a Cure, my Life to an *Aple-Pye*.

Then, Gentlemen, see here is my *Purandos Tan-kapon Tolos*, that is to say, in the *Arabian Language*, *The Wonder working Pills*. The excellent Quallity of which is hardly known, even to my self: But I can assure you, they are good against all *Sanguine*, *Melancholly*, *Pblematick*, or *Cholerick Humours*: They are *Sudorific*, *Catbartic*, *Specific*, *Amaradulcic*, *Abster-gic*, *Mundific*, and *Apperiatic*.

They Purge the Brain from all *Craffic*, *Cloudifying Humours* which obstruet the Senses of all *Superannuated-Maids*. They immediately perform an Articulation of *Dislocated Functions*. They make the *Cur-ratick*, *Directic*, and the *Directic*, *Indirectic*, in their Lives and Conversations. They cause the Old to appear Young, the Young, Handsome, the Handsome, Witty.

Take Three of these Pills in a Morning, *Jejuno Stomacho*, with Two Quarts of *Aqua Gruellis*, to force an Opperation, by an immediate Evacuation, and you'll possess a perfect Deliveration for all In-ordinate Motions of the Mind, as *Trepidity*, *Anger*, *Melancholly*, *Mistrust*, or the like. They

They immediately dissipate the Spirit of *Felouſie* in Young or Old. Now, suppose any Person, here present, is troubled with this grievous, and tormenting Distemper, and fancies his Wife to be what she is, or what she really may not be, let him take Five of these Pills, as my Printed Paper shall give Directions, and attend the Opperation, and if he has a just Occasion it will give him just Five Stools, if on the contrary, it will have no more Opperation upon him than the like Quantity of *Sugar-Candy*.

These wonderful Pills Strengthen the *Nerves*, Cleanſe the *Urinal-Paſſages*, and Purge the *Stomach* from all Distempers got by Crude, Raw, and Undigested Meats. In fine, There is no Distemper of the Body whatſoever, but what these Pills will entirely eradicate, tho' it lies lurking in the Mass of Blood.

I shall say no more at present, only let you know, that now is your time to furnish your ſelves with my Medicines. The Price of them is small, tho' the Opperation wonderful.

I am none of thoſe Fellows that ſet an extravagant Value upon themſelves, meerly because they Ride upon *Spotted-Horſes*, and express themſelves in ridiculous, and unintelligible Terms to amuse the *Vulgar*; but I am the Famous Don *Paracelsus* who, for ſeveral Years, have been known in this famous City: And because I will encourage you to Buy, here is my *Antipampbaſtick Powder*; my *Balsamum Stobule Swordam*; my *Unguentum Catappon*; together with my *Purandas Tankapon Tolos*, and all for the Price of Six-Pence. My Medicines have made themſelves and me famous throughout *Asia*, *Africa*, *Europe*, and *America*.

It was I that Cured *Prestor John's* Juggler's Wife's Waiting Gentlewoman of a *Fistula* in her Elbow, of which she Dy'd.

It was I that prevented the Old Woman, at *Exeter*, from running Head-long into a *Wine-Cellar*.

It was I that Cured the *Morocco* Ambassador of a *Lapsa Lingua*.

It was me, and only me, that Cured the *French* Dancing-Man, at *Amsterdam*, of the *Consumption* in his Pockets.

I am as well known in the *Terra Incognita* as in any part of *Europe*, where I perform'd an excellent Cure upon Captain *Nonfuch*, Commander of the *Nonnomen-Galley*, who had a *Cannon-Ball* lodg'd in his Little-Finger. Likewise the Carpenter of the same Ship, who had swallow'd a *Handspike*.

I Resided, for several Years, in the Great City of *Moskow*, where, by my Internal Medicines, and by my External, and Manual Opperations, I became more Famous among them, than ever the Learned *Talicotius* was among the Inhabitants of the Deserts of *Arabia*; for which Reasons the Learned University of that City was pleas'd to bestow this Distich in favour of me.

*Tantagoros thetow, Phylosophia grandila Moskow,  
Stanstepbon Physica Musica Artibus Killcow.*

Before I conclude my Discourse, I must let you know, that I Understand, and can Read the Language of the Stars, and that I Resolve all manner of Lawful Questions, and am profound in *Physognomy*, and

and *Palmistry*, and that I am commenc'd Master of the *Mathematicks*, *Geometry*, *Trigonometry*, *Algebra*, *Rhetoric*, *Logic*, and *Plain-Sailing*.

Gentlemen, and Fellow Christians, my Hours are from Six till Seven, from Seven till Eleven, and from Eleven all Day.

## I.

*Here Men of great Sense,  
At a little Expence,  
May furnish themselves with a Packet ;  
Or if any one's Poor,  
That has been with a Whore,  
For Six-Pence be need not to lack it.*

## II.

*Though Money be scant,  
Let Physick you'll want,  
If ever you come into Danger :  
Then Beaus come and Buy it,  
Prove, Judge, and Try it,  
Or privately come to my Chamber.*

A

# LETTER

## To his FRIEND

# Nich. Robinson.

**T**HIS is to let thee know, dear, honest *Nich*,  
 That I, your Friend, have been most grievous  
 [Sick,

Not only so, but very Lame to Boot,  
 Occasion'd by a Bullet in my Foot:  
 Four tedious Weeks I've pass'd in tiresome Bed,  
 With Body full of Pain from Foot to Head,  
 And yet, in all that time I ne'er ceu'd see  
 My Friend *Nich. Robinson* to Comfort me:  
 But you are like the rest of Human-kind,  
 Who hearing Friends are Sick, then they'll be Blind.

Thus I by you no more was thought upon,  
 Than e'er was *Robin Hood* by *Prestor John*:  
 My rude Disease was neither *Plague* or *Fox*,  
 Nor had I in my Room *Pandora's Box*;

Neither

Neither am I a *Basilisk* become,  
 Nor *City-Serjeant*, or a *Country-Bum*;  
 Then why shou'd you my poor Apartment shun?  
 Tell me the Reason, *Nich*, what might it be?  
 I hope it was not *Ghastly Poverty*:  
 If so, you *Sympathize* with poorer me.  
 Tho' *Credit's Sick*, *Love* may be kept *Alive*,  
 And when our *Agents* come it will revive.  
 I hope, dear *Friend*, you're not by *Love betray'd*  
 To *Dutch* built *Madam*, or to *Flemmish Maid*,  
 So make an *Off'ring* of your time to one  
 Who, if *Enjoy'd*, you'd better let alone:  
 Or else do you, in this our *Fighting Age*,  
 Employ some *Killing Muse* to please the *Stage*;  
 Or is't your *Study*, by some *Tragic Rhimes*,  
 To *Curse* your *Landlord*, or to *Stab* the *Times*?  
 You're never to be found, where do you *Dine*,  
 With *Humphry Duke*, or with th' *Inspiring Nine*?  
 I *Poverty's th' Case*, or *Fates* are *cruel*,  
 Come *Dine* with me, your *Friend*, on *Water-Gruel*.

I rather do believe you're taken up  
 With *Boon Companions* who hug the *Cup*,  
 Which robs you of your *Time*; but come to me,  
 Thou *Bachinalian Slave*, I'll *Drink* with thee:  
 We'll fill our *Bellies* with *Heroick Verse*,  
 And all the *Works* of *Hudibrass* rehearse:  
 We'll talk of *Actions* done at *Helicon*,  
 Of *Sancho Pancho*, or *Sir Quixot Don*,  
 Of *Ned Ward's Comick Works*, or of *Tom Brown*,  
 And all the *Toasted Bards* about the *Town*.

But

But if you wont with me one Can partake  
 'Cause I am Poor ; come for the Muses sake.  
 Remember me to honest Townsman *Will*,  
 To *Perry, Royfton*, and to *Dormer Phill*,  
 And other Friends too tedious here to Name,  
 And let them know your Friend is very Lame.  
 Though Lame in Foot, and Lazy with his Hands,  
 Yet he'll Obey both theirs and your Commands,  
 And does remain your Servant, *Thomas Rands.*

---

THE

T H E

*Midwife's Judgment*

Best APPROVED.

AT Christ'ning Feast some Criticks met of late,  
 And held a high Dispute, and great Debate,  
 Great Polliticks they were, and understood  
 To make a good Cause bad, and bad Cause good :  
 But one among the rest, a Man of Sense,  
 Famous for Rhet'rick, Wit, and Eloquence,  
 The Question put, and ask'd what sort of Food  
 Was best to Eat t' advance the Publick Good ?  
 Then having done, he re-assum'd his Chair,  
 With Ear intent, their Sentiments to hear.

One started up, and wav'd about his Hand,  
 E A proper Motion Silence to command :  
*Most noble Wits*, said he, *let's Mutton Eat,*  
*To encrease tb' Exchequer Stock, the best of Meat;*  
*By which we shall encourage Abel's Trade,*  
*Who was the first of harmless Shepherds made :*

*Twill*

*Twill make the Weaver Sing when at his Loom,  
 And Clothiers Reeling from the Tavern come ;  
 The Taylor and his Wife will ever pray  
 For Mutton Eaters, to their Dying Day :  
 Twill keep the greefe Comber out of Goal,  
 And Manufacturies will never fail.*

*Thus having spent the Judgment of his Brain,  
 He made a Bow, and sat him down again :*

*Another then stood up, a Man of Sense,  
 And made a low and graceful Reverence.  
 Most learned Sirs, said he, I think we must,  
 If we are true t' th' Crown, and Nation just,  
 Eat nothing else but Beef, the best of Food,  
 To advance the Crown, and Britain's common good :  
 Laborous Oxen Plow the Fertile Fields,  
 Which does produce Bread-Corn, and Barley yields :  
 The Saddler, Tanner, Cobbler, each begin  
 A Song, each Day, i'th' Praise of Ox's Skin ;  
 The Horns of this brave Beast is us'd, and good  
 To light a Cuckold Home to his spurious Brood :  
 A certain King, of bleffed Memory,  
 Knighted his Loins to all Posterity :  
 Let Beef then be our Food, I hold it proper,  
 To break our Fast, for Dinner, or for Supper :  
 Te Men of Sense, said he, you must allow  
 My Sentiments most just, then made a Bow.*

*A Woman started up, well worn with Age,  
 Yet by her Calling she is termed Sage ;*

A Chir'ping Gossip, *Midwife* by Profession;  
She crav'd to speak, they granted her permission.

*Most learned Men, said she, then lick'd her Gums,*  
*A Pudding is most proper, stuff'd with Plumbs;*  
*For India gives her Spices, and Old-Spain*  
*Allows her Raisins, Britain gives her Grain;*  
*Good Cream and Eggs, with Indian Rice,*  
*With Marrow, Ginger, Nutmeg, Sugar, Spice,*  
*With these Ingredients there's quickly fram'd*  
*A noble Composition, Pudding nam'd:*  
*What immence Treasures do these Spices bring,*  
*And Fruit its Customs to Great Britain's King?*  
*This Money pays our Armies to advance*  
*Britannick Glory, and to lessen F—:*  
*If Armies are Victorious, then they bare*  
*A mighty part, who Pudding Eaters are.*  
*What shall I say, Physitians bold it's good*  
*To purge, and cleanse, and purify the Blood.*  
*This glorious Composition may be seen*  
*At th' Royal Table of Great Britain's Queen:*  
*Dukes, Lords, and Earls, and Ladies all agree:*  
*It is no Feast without its Company:*  
*A Silver Dish is by the Pudding plac'd,*  
*And near my Lady's Hand in honour plac'd;*  
*All view the Object, and they Long to Tast.* S  
*Its Composition Eggs will please the Bride,*  
*And spur the Fumbler lying by her Side:*  
*And each beholds with eager Eyes untill*  
*The Grace is over, then they take their fill:*

*It grac'd the Dish when Whole, but all the Guest  
Do like it better Cut, probatum est.*

*Pudding! England's Glory! Friend to such an one  
Whom Age has left no Teeth to pick a Bone;  
Good Bak'd, good Boil'd, and fit for Kings if Fry'd;  
For Lords and Ladies, all the World beside;  
Cousin to Custard, Cheese-Cake's eldest Brother;  
Heroick Cock thy Father, Cow thy Mother.  
Surely thy Inventer's bless'd, he ought to have  
Immortal Praise to Crown him in the Grave.*

*She having done, these mighty Men of Sense  
Yielded to Pudding chief Preheminence.*

## A

# RAMBLE THROUGH THE CAMP.

MY Misfortunes having thrown me into *Flanders*, I was resolv'd not to return to *England* till such time as I had satisfy'd my Curiosity with the Sight of a Camp. I being then at *Ghent*, and the Camp of the Allies at *Meldar*, I was advis'd to go by the Way of *Brussel*s and *Lovain*.

In order to accomplish my Design, I took a Place in the *Post-Waggon*, and set Out next Morning. My Company I had with me, in this *Flemish-Caravan*, was a *Jesuit*, a *Parish-Priest*, a *Quisel*, an *Inn-keeper*, and an *Old-Lady*: Our *Driver* Whip'd his Cattle briskly on along the Causeway, which made our Bodies Dance like *Peas* in a *Pot*, and we had about as much Ease as he that's Roll'd down a Hill in a *Hogshead*: With a very little Pleasure, and much Jolting, we came to *Aloft*, where the Women had Occasion to evacuate by the Way of Urine, and the

K.

Men

Men to Corroborate their Bodies with Wine. Paf-  
sing about a League beyond *Alost*, we came to a  
Gallows, the Sight of which caus'd Tears to gush  
from the Eyes of the *Old Lady*; I demanded the  
Reason: She told me, ' That an Old Neighbour of  
' hers, a Carpenter by Trade, was travailing along  
' that Road; that a Gentleman was found Dead, and  
' that the Carpenter was taken up upon Suspicion of  
' the Murder, and that he was Try'd and Condemn'd  
' for the same, and Hang'd upon that very Gallows;  
' and, that after his Body had been expos'd to the  
' Air Six or Eight Days, his Daughter went, with  
' humble Devotion, to *Notre Dame de Gemblours*, to  
' Pray to that blessed Image, that her Father's Soul  
' might be releas'd from the Flames of Purgatory;  
' and while she was making Intercession for the  
' same, the Image put forth its Hand, and becken'd  
' to the Maid to draw near, and then spoke to her,  
' saying, *I have heard thy Prayers; and the Innocent  
shall not suffer: Go to the Magistrates and tell them  
I sent you, and that your Father is not Dead, but  
Liveth.* The Maid did accordingly, and the Ma-  
gistrates, with several Hundreds of People, came  
to the Gallows, and call'd to the Carpenter, who  
answer'd, *here I am; the blessed Virgin hath de-  
livered me from Death, and the Flames of Purgatory:*  
Then they immediately put up a Ladder, and he  
came down among them, and went directly to  
return Thanks to *Notre Dame* for this miraculous  
way of preserving him. The *Jesuite* affirm'd the  
same, which put the *Quisel* into an odd sort of  
an Extacie, but she was presently recover'd by the  
help of a Dram of *Nants*.

After some more Jolting and Jogging against each  
other, we arriv'd at *Brussel*, where I observ'd a great  
many diverting Fancies, too tedious to incert here;  
but if your Patience will admit of it, I shall relate  
one; which take as follows.

Whilst

Whilst we were in that City, I was Gaping in the Street, I saw a Man in a Blue Cloak, with a broad Gold-Lace about the Cape, and thought at first, by his making Grimaces, and screwing himself into a strange sort of Posture, that he was going to Dance an Antick, but I was quickly undeceiv'd, when I saw him let down his Cover-Buttocks, and expose his Stern, as a new Marry'd Woman does her Wedding-Ring, to Publick View. No sooner had that sweet Scented Gentleman, Mr. Dung, drop'd, smoaking Hot, from his Posteriors, but up came Three or Four *Strount Draugers*, or Fellows with *Wheel-Barrows*, and made a damnable Noise and Quarrelling about it, each claim'd it as his own: One Man, I observ'd, said, *He saw it first*; another alledg'd, *That it was in his Liberty, and that the Man was his Neighbour*; a third affirm'd, *That he had been a Free-Man of the Company above Twenty Years, and that it was his by Priority*; a fourth swore by St. Peter's Keys, *That he wou'd have it, Nolens Volens, by Force of Arms*: So the Shovels went to Work, and in this mighty Scuffle they beat down the Man into One of their One-Wheel'd *Dung-Carts*, which foully besmeir'd his Azure Cover-Coat, and as he was endeavouring to recover himself, he stumbl'd against a Shovel, and fell directly into another up to his Elbows, then he was ten times worse than before, but having gain'd a little Breath, he, with undaunted Courage, attack'd all the Four with his Fists about their Faces, which put them under the same Circumstances with himself: How they parted I can't tell, for the Coach waited, in which I Wheel'd to *Lovain*, and from thence, next Day, to the Camp at *Meldar*. No sooner was I come there, but I met with an Old Acquaintance of mine, belonging to the *Englis* Horse, who invited me to his Tent, and promiss'd to shew me the Camp from Right to Left; accordingly I made my Aboad with him in his *Canvas Apartment*;

Apartmett; we Drank heartily till *Sol* had just withdrawn himself from this Hemisphere; then I heard a terrible Noise, which they said proceeded from the Mouth of a Cannon; and all on a sudden yet a more greater, occasion'd by Silver Mouth Squeakers, and Calve-Skin Fiddles; I thought then the Army had been attack'd, which put me into such a Consternation, that I was just upon the Brink of being in a worse Condition than the Man with his Blue Cloak, till my Friend told me, it was only setting the Watch. Watch and Ward too by your selves thought I, I wish I were with my Grand-Mother again.

What I further observ'd was this, when it was time for us to go to Sleep, because I was a Stranger, the Gentlemen which were Comrades to my Friend, were willing to shew me a particular Favour, and with a multiplicity of Compliments, assign'd me that part of the Tent, for my Lodging, which they call the Parlour, and as near as I can guess, it was about the Magnitude of a *Hog-Trough*; what I had under me was *Straw*, and that none of the Cleanest; yet I can assure you, it was Trod as small as *Chaff*, which render'd it soft; in this Bed I lay'd my self down (being cover'd with an Old Ragged Cloak) with as much Content as a tir'd *Aſſ*, and there Slept till Morning: Then I awak'd, and opening the Cover-lids of my Peepers, I look'd through the Canvas Sky-Light, and perceiv'd that *Sol* had bless'd the Earth with his Presence, I then call'd to my Friend, and told him it was time to Unkennel, and desired him to make ready to accompany me from the Right to the Left of the Lines, which he readily perform'd, and we began as follows.

The first we came at was the *Scotch Dragoons*, who, though so soon in the Morning, we found Drinking *Geneva*, and Dancing *Gillicronchy* to the Hum of the *Bag-pipe* as Merry as *Beggars*. Then we proceeded to the *Irish*, whom we found were just going to Prayers, but were intercepted by a *Suttler's Cart*, which arriv'd in the Interim Loaded with *Potatoes*, and put the *Chaplain*, together with the whole Regiment, into such a Consternation, that they banish'd the Thoughts of Supplication immediately. They beheld the Cart with Admiration: *Hara, my Shoul*, says one, *it be a declips of de Shun*. No, says another, *but it is a Contellashon*. That's a Mistake, says a third, *a bou it is what I have seen in my nown Country, for it is Potatoe, and de be very Sheap in my Country; my Fader was a Farmer, he send me to de Market to Shell dem, where I Shold dem for noting, and not dat nider*.

Then proceeding to the Troopers, we saw them as busie as *Bees*, some Cooking the Pots, others Cleaving of Wood; some Drinking, some Smoaking, others Building of *Barrucks* for their Horses, as if they intended, like the *Israelites*, to dwell in Camp Forty Years.

Then we pass'd by the *Hanoverian Horse*, whom we perceiv'd were much in the same Posture: But all of a sudden I was somewhat startled at the Sight of a *Hussar* on Horse-back; I thought at first it had been a *Centaure*, but comming nearer to me, I found him to be a Man, and I thought he was going to act the Part of *Scaramouch*. A little farther, in the Front of the Foot, I saw a poor Soldier Hang'd for Stealing a Pair of Old Shoes and a Linnen Frock from a Boor.

After

After we had pass'd Eight or Ten Regiments more we saw a *Partizan* coming into Camp with a great Drove of Oxen and *Sheep*, with some *Horses*, I asked were he had them, and was answer'd, from the Country. Oh! says I, he will certainly be Hang'd. No, no, says my Friend, he has a Commission for what he does. Has he so? said I, then he may Thieve at his Pleasure.

So, to tell you the Truth, we made little Observation till we came to the Head Quarters of the *Hollanders*, of which we shall endeavour to give a short Description.

The first Street that we enter'd, my Friend told me was called *Buckey de Cook-Street*, where there was such a nautilus Stink of *Buckey* and *Oyly-Cooks*, that I thought my self at least in a *Tallow-Chandler's Melting-House*: It was averse to my English Constitution to stay there any longer; so we moved to another called *Ram-Alley*, where we were worse plaug'd than before, for the *Ladies-of-Pleasure* stood Clicking at their Tent Doors, like the *Shoemakers* in *Turn-Stile*, and, because I was thought a Stranger, they Haul'd and Pull'd me as bad as the *Water-Men* does a *Country-Man*, at the *Temple Stairs*. Musick, such as it was, I perceived was in every Tent, but so confus'd, that I thought it nothing less than a Consort of Jangling. The Dancing was not much unlike to it; for how should it be otherwise, for all the time I was in that Country, I never heard of a *Dutch Dancing-Master*, which encourag'd an Acquaintance of mine, a *French Maitre de Dancé*, to try his Fortune at *Amsterdam*, but he was soon forced to quit that Place, and leave his Fiddle with his Landlady to discharge his Lodging; and at his Return he express'd himself thus, *Begar, de be de Divil; de no Dancé de Mode; de Caper like de Cow; de course de Minuit.*

*Minuit come de Poland Bear ; per Bleu me no like dem.*  
But pardon this Digression.

We mov'd forward, still resolving to see all we con'd, till we came to another Street, which was compos'd of *Coffee-Tents*, *Gaming-Tents*, and *Tents* for those in Commission to Carress their Mistresses in : Then we pass'd through Rows, Streets, and Alleys, full of all sorts of Commodities, as *Shoes*, *Stockings*, *Grocery-Wares*, *Herbs*, *Fleſh*, *Fiſh*, and what not ; but being tired here, we went into the Rear-Line, and walk'd towards the Right again. At length we saw a great heap of *Tents*, I ask'd what Place that was, my Friend told me it was the *Weigh-House* ; so my curiosity led me to see it ; this I found was the Grand Wholesale-Market, where the *Hollanders* scrap'd together the Ready-Money of the Army. *Bacon*, *Cheefe*, and *Butter*, I saw was a good Commodity here ; the Sight of which put me in Mind of *England*, but I could not find any of those Commodities from that Nation, though I offer'd an Extravagant Price for them. Here I saw People of all Nations Drinking *Geneva* and *Brandy* by Wholesale : Here was *Hans Mogen* swallowing *Cooks* by the same : Here I perceiv'd was all sorts of Commodities vended by the Gross, and *Ladies-of-Pleasure* by Wholesale too, and at reasonable Rates. Being almost tired, and fatigued with walking, we pass'd through the *Brandenburg* Line of Horse, who were preparing for a Review. I must let you know, that all of them wear Whiskers, and those of them that were Naturally of any other Colour except Black, the *German* Ball was apply'd to render the Artificial Concordant with the Natural.

Finding nothing more worthy of Observation here, we cross'd to the Front Line again, and going into the Rear of General *Wood*'s Regiment we were

Merry

Merry all Night. Next Day being a Re-view, the *English* Horse, I observ'd, was Equip'd, in the Front of their Bodies, with Martial-Dubbles, forg'd by *Vulcan*; the *Hanovers*, *Lunenburgs*, and *Brandenburgs*, all in great Order; at the Sight of which I began to Tremble, and thought a Battle must consequently ensue; and not being willing to Expose my Body to the Balls, or my Eyes to behold so bloody an Action, I very fairly mov'd my self out of Danger, and, without taking Leave of my Friend, I tramped to *Ghent* again, where I receiv'd a Letter at my Lodging, which gave me an Account that my God-Mother was Dead, and had made me Heir of all that she was never possess'd of herself: So I left that Fighting Climate, and return'd back safe to my Native Country.

Though Poets oft are seen in Writing,  
Yet they seldom care for Fighting:  
For let me tell ye, Men of Sense  
Against such Actions have pretence:  
All Men (say they) 're not born to Fight,  
Some for the Field, and some to Write:  
Then, 'cause I hated Martial Men,  
I left 'em, and embrac'd the Pen,  
The Quart, the Pot, the Glass, my Friend,  
To enjoy my self, so there's an End.



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